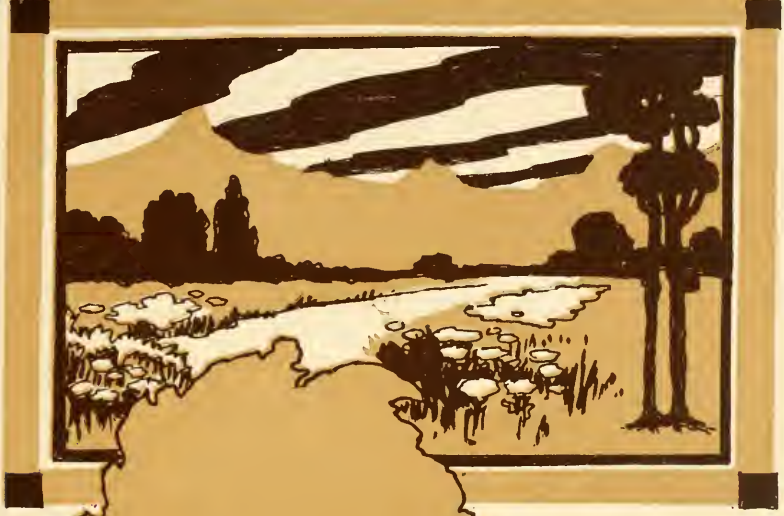

# WHO'S WHO IN NEVADA

Brief Sketches of Men Who are Making History in the Sagebrush State

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BESSIE BEATTY

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Work that's done, and the prize that's won—
These be the cheerful tales—
There's a minor note that grips the throat;
What of the man who fails?

Pledge a health to the hard earned wealth,
Hail to the men who win—
And to those who wait at the golden gate
For the ship that never comes in.

That unsung horde whose ranks are broad,
Knights of the pick and pan;
They toil and sow, and the next who go
Harvest what they began.

The sort that stays for the endless days
In the Never Never Land;
The golden dream is a vanishing gleam
Like the phantom lake in the sand—

Till the grind is past, and they set at last
Out on the last long trail,
Where the sun has set and beyond it yet—
Here's to the men who fail!

—*Ruth Comfort Mitchell*

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# FOREWORD

EVADA'S most valuable asset is her men.

The land of sand and sagebrush is a land of real men. There was just as much gold in Nevada's craggy brown hills at the beginning of time as there is today. It was men she needed—men of the pick and pan to wrest from her secret treasure vaults the yellow dust for which the world is clamoring; men of brain, men of brawn, men of courage, real argonauts. Such men she has today.

Men of Nevada are making history and making it faster than the men of any other country or of any other era. Sons of her soil and sons of her adoption are working together for her good.

A few years ago the United States was bewailing the fate of Nevada and deploring the decrease of her population. Today not only the United States, but the whole world is looking on with a marveling eye as she grows.

Who are the men behind her growth? the world is asking.

"Who's Who in Nevada" is the answer to the question. An effort has been made to have the book authentic in every particular, and to include in it only the men of real achievement; the men who have been tried and who have not been found wanting.

# NEVADA

# NEVADA

UT of the darkness, bred of a great struggle, came a tiny, glittering star—the thirty-sixth of the American constellation; a silver born star bringing new life, new hope and a vast new treasure store to refill a nation's depleted coffers.

"NEVADA" they called it.

Tiny it was for a little while, and glittering, then shining forth with a steady, clear light.

Came a cloud, a dark lowering cloud, without a trace of silver lining. Obscured the star until it barely shone and sister stars cast pitying glances and whispered of a day when it would shine no more.

Burst the cloud and lo! there was a golden lining—yellow, yellow gold as if Midas had placed on it his magic touch.

"NEVADA" again shouted the sister stars, and all bowed down to do her homage.

Such was the yesterday, the day before and the today of Nevada. Born of silver she was and sickened of silver almost unto death only to be born again of gold.

"Gentlemen, when you wish to resume specie payment, the way to do it is to resume." It was Nevada that made that famous sentence of President Grant's possible. It was Nevada that placed in the hands of the union the money which put the country on a substantial financial footing when war had ravaged and desolated her.

An elevated plateau or sink lying between the Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky mountains—a vast area of uninhabited, barren land stretching 300 miles north and south and 250 miles east and west, was all that was known of

it sixty years ago. Like the valley of the shadow of death, it was to the '49ers who hurried through on their way to California—one of the horrors that must be endured in order to reach the promised land.

Men paused within her domain only long enough to get water; and many perished by the way. None dreamed of the wealth of her hidden treasure caves and none waited long enough to ask of Mother Nature the reason for all those hills and valleys.

As long ago as 1775 Father Francisco Garcis, a Franciscan monk who was one of the little band in search of California, wandered away from his brothers and traveled in what is now Nevada. As far as is known he was the first white man to ever set foot on Nevada soil.

Next to come to Nevada were men of a very different faith. A small company of them was sent out by the Mormon church and they settled in the Carson valley and named the town Genoa.

Genoa, the Mormon settlement, was the beginning of Nevada. Quietly and with little thought of worldly things, they lived there until the discovery of mineral wealth brought a horde of gentile fortune seekers into the country and the mother church called her children home.

The world never suspected then that within half a dozen years the union would be acknowledging another state out on the western frontier.

In the mountains east of Carson Valley, where now Virginia City stands, silver was discovered in 1859. That was the beginning of her first glorious mining era—an era that will never be forgotten as long as men mine.

The story of the Comstock would fill volumes. The foundations of Nevada were laid upon that lode. Silver was the cry then and word of its discovery traveled upon

the winds. Telegraph lines and trains were unknown to the west, but they were unnecessary. The prospector passed the word to a fellow prospector on his way to California, and California mining fields were deserted for the new El Dorado. The man going across the plains into the East carried the word in that direction. Roads were built across the mountains. Men flocked from every quarter and began piercing into the mountains, ripping them, opening and wresting from them, their treasure store. A town was built and they called it Virginia City. Another one was built and it was Gold Hill. Business houses were opened, saloons and gambling halls lined the main streets, newspapers were published; soon a train came winding its way up the valley and into the heart of the mining camp. Civilization had arrived. It was a civilization such as had never been seen before and will never be seen again. Day and night men worked and schemed and fought and died and still the mines poured out wealth. Millionaires and bank presidents, statesmen and railroad kings were made. Speculation ran riot and the frenzied gambling spirit seized all. Four stock exchanges were operated in Virginia City and hundreds of thousands of dollars changed hands in a day. The wildcat was more numerous and more menacing than it has ever been since. Every booster saw a hundred Comstocks where there was but one. The stock market rose and tumbled and rose and fell again. Hard times came and discontent and distrust seized the people. The Comstock days were over, said the wise, but the Comstock days had only begun.

After the depression came greater activity than ever, and again and again when the world thought the Comstock had outlived its usefulness the good old mining district proved the half its story had not been written. Even

today when the brick buildings which were once the scene of busy, bustling life, are crumbling ruins, when the shakes are falling off the roofs, the mines are being worked and with the promise of new wealth. Whether or not the Comstock has a future as well as a great past remains to be proved. It may be that the Comstock will again have a wondrous tale to tell. The world's greatest geologists and engineers have been giving the Comstock their attention and with the improved methods for draining the mines and for deep mining at reduced expense, it may be that more millionaires will be made in Virginia City.

If the Comstock never again becomes a producer the world is richer $680,000,000 from her output. She built the foundations of old San Francisco. She connected the old world and the new with cables. She spanned the continents with railroads—in short, she made the whole world richer while she grew poorer. When the Comstock days were over and the books were balanced there was little money to the credit of Nevada. The gold which came out of her mineral treasuries went to other places and with it went the men she had made millionaires. Her population, which reached the high water mark of 160,000 between 1863 and 1865 dwindled to 40,000 in the early nineties. The state became little more than a cattle camp as compared with its former glory.

It was while the mining excitement was at its height that Nevada, the state, came into being. In the winter of 1860 and 1861 Nevada was organized as a territory by an act of Congress and James W. Nye of New York was appointed Governor. The first territorial legislature met at Carson, November, 1861, and in July, 1864, seventeen delegates met to frame a state constitution. Laughed at because they were trying to do the impossible, they went

to work and day and night they kept at it. They met in an empty court room, took a collection to buy candles and there they kindled a flame that will never die. That little band of big men espousing an unpopular cause stirred the heart of an untamed country until theirs became the only cause and every man was for statehood and the Union. In September of that year the constitution was adopted at a time of general financial depression, the thirty-sixth star in the American constellation began to shine. The admission of Nevada with its population two to one for Lincoln, gave the president the kind of backing that was needed at that time and the two additional senators gave the Union a safe majority.

Nevada coin was poured into the treasury and the greenback was restored to its former value. In a wilderness was built an empire.

The Carson City of today has not forgotten that other day, nearly half a century ago. Many of the most illustrious of the history makers have gone to the silent city and others are living quietly in the past. They do not know much of this new Nevada nor do they care much.

The Carson City of today is as somnolent as Rip Van Winkle's Sleepy Hollow. Once every two years it awakes and then there is life for a brief season.

A wit who passed through the capital in the middle of a midsummer day stopped long enough to look up at the beautiful trees which line the main street, listened to the birds sing and passed on again. He dubbed it the town of time and titles—the city of the unburied dead. It is possible the 4,000 inhabitants of Carson might resent the wit's remark, or perhaps they would only smile indulgently and think of the past.

A beautiful spot is this capital with its fine buildings

looming above stately trees. Here is the United States mint built during the Comstock days, but now used only as an assay office. Here also is the finest law library west of the Rockies. The educational affairs of the state are administered from here and Nevada has not been neglectful of the cause of education. The school fund is the largest per capita of any state in the union. As a residence town, Carson City has not a superior in the state. It was named after the famous scout and frontiersman, Kit Carson.

With the demonitization of silver bringing the great cloud upon Nevada, Carson and the other cities and towns of the North suffered much, but the prosperity which has come in the last four, five or six years has put new life and new impetus into even the most remote sections.

All of the old camps—for the Comstock can not claim all of Nevada's past glory—have benefitted by this new change in the state's affairs.

Austin, the bonanza camp of 1860 which added $62,000,000 to Nevada's mineral output, has taken new life since the discovery of the southern camps. Pioche, the discovery of 1865, with $80,000,000 to her credit; Eureka, discovered one year later and giving to the world $44,000,000; Jefferson Canyon, Tuscarora, Mountain City, Candelaria and Ely, all of which produced from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000—these practically abandoned with the demonitization of silver, are now being worked actively.

The cloud has passed. The golden lining is spread that all may see.

THE NEW NEVADA IS HERE.

It is a brighter, better Nevada than any the world has yet seen. The Comstock was first, and it will never be

forgotten, but no more will Tonopah and Goldfield and Bullfrog and the others of the Nevada gold camps.

It is to these camps that Nevada looks for her future. Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, Nevada had the pity of her sister states. Today she can have nothing but admiration and the homage which is her due.

The silver state has become the gold state and a goodly abundance of copper has been added to make her measure of wealth pressed down and brimming over.

When Jim Butler discovered Tonopah he created a new state and the men who came after him and made from his small beginning a gigantic continuation, deserve no less credit.

In a graveyard of dead volcanos a mining world is being built. The wilderness of lava which has been shunned by all men for so many years is a magnet which is drawing humanity from east and west, from north and south. Ground which has been passed over as barren of valuable ore by some of the noted minerologists has been proved to contain fabulous riches. Indications and standards which have served the rest of the mineral world well enough are of no use in this new mineral belt.

Less than seven years ago the name of Tonopah was put upon the map. Three years later came Goldfield, discovered by prospectors from Tonopah, and next in succession came Bullfrog, Manhattan and Round Mountain with a dozen others of more or less prominence.

First a stray tent or two, then the first load of lumber hauled into camp across the desert and a frame dwelling as the result and in little more time than it would take a fairy to wave a wand, a camp, a town, and then a city has been built. The miner's candle is exchanged for electric light, the sheet iron cook stove for an electric range,

the tent for an elaborate home or office, the burro for an automobile, and the freighting wagon for a locomotive. To the man who has not seen the marvels of the transformation of the Nevada desert must seem as a fairy tale.

The last edition of the days of '49 is being written and soon the death knell of the frontier must be sounded. The picturesque is making way for the practical. The piercing blast of the locomotive is penetrating to parts that have heretofore known no sound other than the cry of the coyote or the bray of the desert canary toiling over the sand with the prospector's pack upon his back.

Men are fighting the fight with the elements and it is a glorious fight. Southern Nevada must now win on its merits.

Goldfield and Tonopah have passed through their wildcat speculative stage when fortunes were made and lost on paper, when more mining was done in other people's pockets than in the ground. The stock market will go up and down and good times and hard times may vie with each other for first place, but the mills of the miner will grind on slowly but surely. Whether the stock market is up or down, the mines will be turning out their wealth to enrich the world. The prospector is still plodding over the hills with his pick and his pan. He knows little of the condition of the market and cares less. He is looking for gold—virgin gold. He is unheard of until he finds the pay streak and then the path that only he and his burro have trod is followed by a horde of gold-mad men.

The prospect of yesterday is the mine of today. Before the world ever heard of Southern Nevada, the sage brush state had given in precious metals one billion four hundred and forty-two million dollars. At the present rate of pro-

duction Goldfield and Tonopah are adding each year thirty million dollars to this aggregate.

And the end is far distant. For years upon years must the State continue her golden outpouring, giving freely of her wealth to the world's depleted treasuries, making name and fame for this empire of the West, and taking as her right the praise and homage bestowed upon Croesus' storehouse, Nevada.

## HON. FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS

THE future historian who does justice to the real benefactors of the West—to those who have done most in thought and action, must place Senator Francis G. Newlands in the first rank.

Why? Not for one reason or two reasons or three reasons, but for any number of reasons. First, because the senior senator from Nevada is the author of the National Reclamation Act which is making the desert blossom as the rose; the act which committed the government to the policy of paternalism and made federal moneys available for private enterprise.

It was the Nevada Senator, who, when private capital found it impossible to handle the problems of irrigation, conceived the idea of having the government undertake the work of reclaiming the arid lands of the West. It was the Nevada Senator who conceived the idea of building reservoirs to conserve the flood waters for irrigation in dry seasons.

It was in compliment to the Nevada Senator that the first four million dollars of government money expended under this act went to Nevada.

The act was one of the most important ever passed by Congress. It will mean to Nevada, permanent prosperity; to the West, continued progress; to the entire country, freedom from the congested life of the cities.

The master mind of a thinking man was necessary to conceive this gigantic plan and other master minds were quick to grasp the magnitude of it and to assist in making it one of the most important issues of the day.

Not a Republican and yet not essentially a Democrat, is Senator Newlands. He is an American. Men and meas-

HON. FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS

ures claim his attention and party prejudice is not allowed to enter where the best welfare of the greatest number is at stake.

He is a true-hearted, big man, a wise friend of the people, a fine speaker and a tactful statesman. A self-made man is Francis G. Newlands. He was born in Natchez, Mississippi, and when little more than a boy developed a taste for affairs of state. He secured an appointment as clerk in Washington and worked his way through Columbia Law School, Washington, D. C. He also attended Yale for a time, but was called from school before he was able to receive his degree. He was admitted to the bar in 1870 and began practice of his profession in San Francisco. Possessed with an analytical mind, a fearless nature and the gift of oratory, it was not long until he attained a high place in legal circles. In 1889 he moved to Nevada and soon afterward became prominent in the politics of the state. Three years later he was made candidate of the Silver party for Congress and served four terms. While in the lower house he was active as a committeeman and he occupied a prominent place on the currency committee, the committee on ways and means and the committee on foreign affairs. It was in 1902 that he was elected to the Senate and four years later was again returned to Washington for further service to his state and his country.

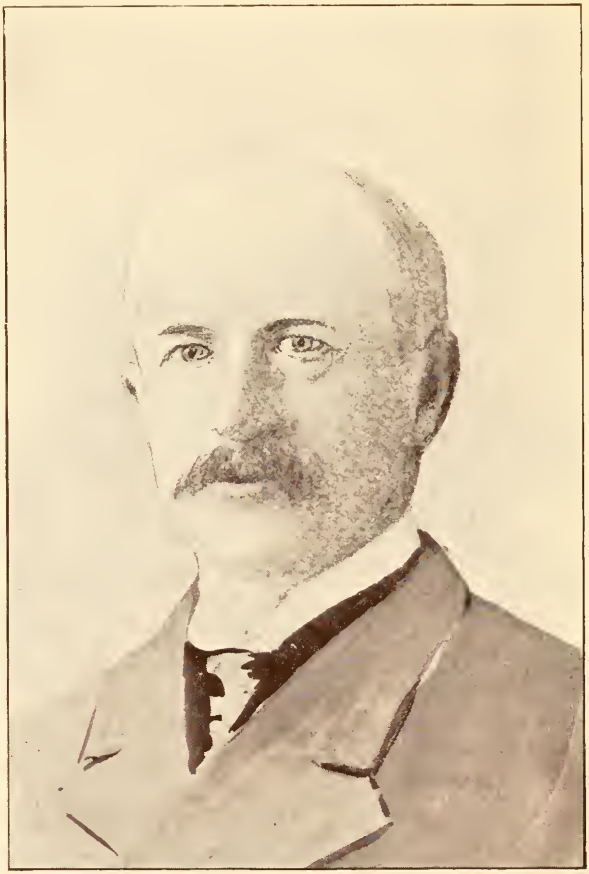
He has a beautiful home in Reno overlooking the Truckee river and a charming wife who is a leader in social life in Nevada and a welcome addition to any Washington circle. She was formerly Miss Edith McCallister, daughter of Hall McCallister of San Francisco. His first wife, who died in 1880, was Miss Clara Adelaide Sharon, a daughter of former United State Senator William Sharon.

## HON. GEORGE S. NIXON

THE practice, which has become a habit, of indicating public men as examples worthy of emulation by all youths has been a source of annoyance to many a lad, and who has not been wearied by "keep-on, maybe-you'll-be-president" admonitions? "Who's Who" has no desire to give such advice to the young men of Nevada, and consequently will merely outline the steps by which George Nixon rose from the position of an under-paid telegrapher to that of United States Senator from Nevada, without attempting to point a moral.

George S. Nixon was born in Newcastle, Placer County, California, April 2, 1862. His parents had crossed the plains to the Pacific Coast eleven years before. In Newcastle the youthful Nixon learned telegraphy, inspired probably by that unaccountable desire that possesses nearly every boy when he first hears the mysteries of the Morse Code. He went to Humboldt, Nevada, as an employe of the Southern Pacific. He was the agent. His duties consisted in part of sweeping out, keeping up the fires, answering questions, sending messages, looking after freight, keeping cattle off the track, and incidentally selling tickets to those who had the price and desire to travel beyond the confines of Humboldt.

In 1883 he went to Belleville, on the Carson and Colorado Railroad, where he acted as agent. His duties were similar to those he had performed at Humboldt, with the addition, perhaps, of a few other tasks. After a year passed in Belleville, the embryonic Senator accepted—we say "accepted," while as a matter of fact, owing to the



HON. GEORGE S. NIXON

few opportunities for material advancement at Belleville, he probably "seized it eagerly"—a position in the First National Bank at Reno, the institution that is now the Washoe County Bank. Three years later Mr. Nixon went to Winnemucca, where he organized the First National Bank of Winnemucca. He served as cashier of the bank for fifteen years, then became its president.

Senator Nixon's first experience in law-making bodies came in 1891, when he was elected to the Legislature, and his rise in the councils of the Republican party was even more rapid than in the business world. This reached the pinnacle when he was chosen to represent Nevada in the United States Senate.

When a boy his dream was that some day he might become the owner of a bank. Since that time he has made a whole chain of banks, become United States Senator, entered the lists of the mining men of Nevada in the foremost rank and made for himself a name which is known at home and abroad. His connection with the great Goldfield Consolidated, as its president, is well known, for the history of most of the greatest mines of Goldfield, has been written in many languages and read in many climes.

There is not a camp in Nevada in which the Senator has no interests. He built the Nixon Block in Goldfield at a time when few men would have had the courage to put a large sum of money into such an enterprise. His faith in the camp has been repaid many fold. Senator Nixon is a genial man with the faculty of seeing the humorous side of things, and is the life of any company he honors; energetic, ambitious and optimistic, he succeeds in imparting optimism to others—the kind of optimism that is making Southern Nevada.

## HON. GEORGE A. BARTLETT

THE Congressman from Nevada is a Nevadan every inch. When Nevada cast off her territorial raiment and assumed the dignity of statehood it was decreed that one man should represent her in the Halls of Congress. To find the man better fitted to uphold her honor than George A. Bartlett would be difficult.

Without his knowledge or consent, George Bartlett was born in San Francisco. But a few weeks afterward, he was taken to Eureka, Nevada, in those days a hustling mining camp. Here his parents had lived for several years before his birth. When he was old enough to reason—those who ought to know, say that at a remarkably young age—he made up his mind that Nevada is the best place in the world and that opinion has not changed with advance in years. To live in Nevada; to wander forth a little; to gain the viewpoint of the world, and to return to Nevada to die is all he asks.

The George Bartlett of today, whom all his friends know as just George, is a man of power—a genius with a little more sanity than has the average genius. His name is known from one end of the state to the other, and in Washington his colleagues are not allowed to forget Nevada.

As an orator he is without a peer in the state. His small body seems charged with dynamic energy, and with the velocity of whirlwind, he sweeps obstacles from his path. A pair of blue eyes, merry and keen, peer out from the base of an expansive forehead. Nature has neglected to provide an overabundance of hair for the top of

GEORGE A. BARTLETT

the Congressman's head, and he, determined to have so much hair in spite of everything, allows it to cover his neck in the back.

In the matter of dress he scorns all fashions but his own self-adopted and never-changing ones. He says he dresses for comfort, and his broad-brimmed sombrero, soft collar, and long black string tie, he carries with him even to the Capital.

In his profession, as the senior member of the law firm of Bartlett & Thatcher, with offices in the Butler Building in Tonopah, he occupies a prominent place in the first rank.

Mr. Bartlett's early recollections are all centered around Eureka, Nevada, where he spent his boyhood days. He went to Georgetown College, and after leaving his alma mater, returned to his childhood home, and began practicing his profession. From the beginning he was successful, and rapidly he conquered the small world, which that mining camp represents. Politics interested him early in life, and his first public office was that of district attorney.

In Tonopah he became legal representative for Jim Butler in 1901, and since that time has become attorney for the Shoshone Consolidated, the Pittsburg Silver Peak Mining Company, the interests of Malcolm Macdonald and several other capitalists, and is vice-president of the First National Bank of Tonopah. Mr. Bartlett was one of the first to secure a lease on the famous Jumbo in Goldfield, and since then has acquired interests in Goldfield, Bullfrog, Manhattan, and other camps in Southern Nevada. He has recently completed a home in Tonopah which is the largest and most beautiful residence in the southern part of the State.

# GOVERNOR JOHN SPARKS

IS EXCELLENCY, the Governor, the Honorable John Sparks, is a Southerner; that is, all of him that is not a Nevadan. Governor Sparks, who presides over the destinies of this great state, as campaign orators are wont to say, was born in Mississippi, August 30, 1843. Fourteen years later, in 1857, his family went to Texas and with them went the future governor. The Governor's parents were well known in the big state of Texas. His father was a pioneer stock raiser and members of his family took part in the skirmishes against hostile Indians. This gave young John Sparks an advantageous equipment of experience, which he was destined to need in his later life.

At the age of fourteen years he began working for himself. In 1868 he came to Nevada and became interested in the cattle business. He bought several ranches and at one time owned thousands of head of cattle. He has also extensive interests in mining in various parts of the state.

Governor Sparks is a Democrat, and has been active in the party ever since his boyhood. He was elected Governor of Nevada first in 1902 by a large majority and was re-elected at the last state election. The Governor is and has been for years a prominent factor in the development of agriculture and stock raising.

Governor Sparks is a quiet, kindly man, with a heart overflowing with good cheer toward his fellow men. He has the southern, or perhaps better still, the western, idea of hospitality and this, with his many other splendid characteristics, has endeared him to the people of the state.

One of his possessions of which he is the most proud is a

GOVERNOR JOHN SPARKS

big ranch along the railroad between Carson and Reno.

"The Alamo" the ranch is called, and there is probably no more beautiful place in the State. It is situated on the old Virginia City Turnpike, and takes its names from a fine grove of cottonwood trees standing near the home. As a country place there is nothing in the State to compare with it. The Governor has developed on land that was practically barren, everything that tends toward the beautiful. He has a herd of elk and buffalo, and he has done more than any other man in the West to keep this latter animal from becoming extinct. The Governor believes that today Nevada is the best live-stock state in the Union, and says that the industry is one which will continue to grow.

As a breeder of fancy stock, he is known all over the West, and even farther afield. He sent the first Herefords ever shipped to Honolulu into the islands, and his stock has even gone abroad, while there is hardly a corner in America where stock-raising exists, that the Alamo cows have not been sent.

## LIEUT. GOV. D. S. DICKERSON

EVADA's Lieutenant Governor, D. S. Dickerson, is not a mere politician, as are many office-holders, but a man who has accomplishments to his credit in other lines. He is a prominent miner and knows more than a little of the state's great mineral wealth. Mr. Dickerson was not born in Nevada, but he did the best he could and allowed California to claim the honor of being his native state. He was born in Shasta County, January 25, 1872, the son of one of California's pioneer mining men.

The Lieutenant Governor has mined in California, Idaho and Montana, as well as in Nevada. Incidentally, being a good Democrat and believing in advancing the interests of his party, he has been prominently identified with politics. Until coming to Nevada he had not held office, being content to remain a humble worker in the ranks. Mr. Dickerson came to Nevada in 1899 and engaged in mining in White Pine County. He was elected County Clerk in 1902; at the next election he was chosen County Recorder, and at the last state election he became Lieutenant Governor.

Lieutenant Governor Dickerson is a newspaper man of considerable experience. For two years he owned and edited the White Pine News at Ely. He sold that publication and now owns the Ely Mining Expositor, which he founded. He has mining property in other parts of the state, but is especially interested in Ely.

The Lieutenant Governor is a young man, quiet and reserved. He does not have a great deal to say, as a rule, but when he speaks he says something.

LIEUT. GOV. D. S. DICKERSON

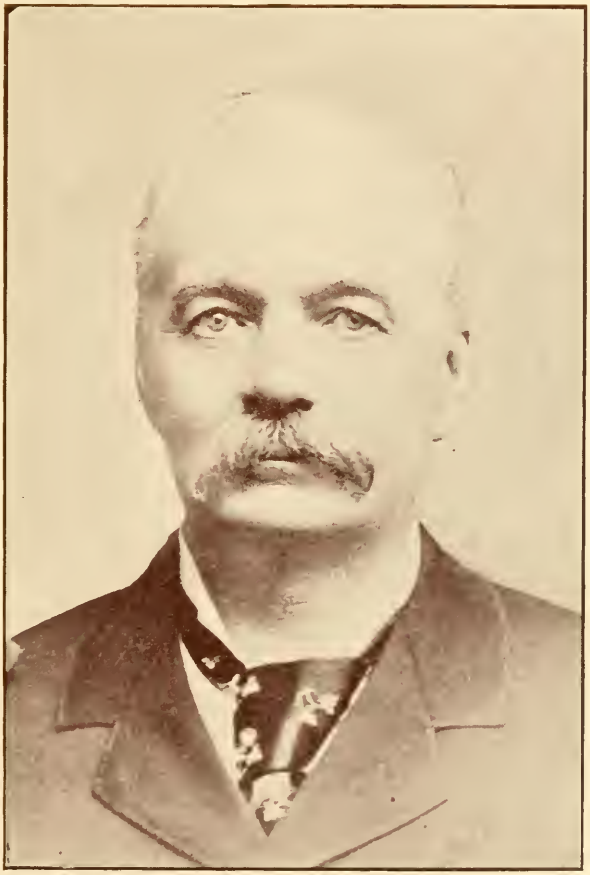
## EX-GOVERNOR R. K. COLCORD

THERE lives a man in Nevada who was elected Governor on the Republican ticket. This may seem astonishing in these days, but it is true nevertheless. R. K. Colcord, assayer in charge of the United States Mint at Carson City, has the honor. In the days before the fusion of the silver men and the Democrats the Republicans were in control, and it was during that time that Colcord was elected.

Former Governor Colcord has been a prominent figure in this western country. He was born in Maine, April 25, 1837. He studied engineering in his youth and went to California in 1856 to engage in placer mining and mill and bridge building. He came to Nevada in 1863 and located on the Comstock in Virginia during the heighth of the gold excitement. He remained there for eight years building some of the big mills. He was manager of the mines and mills at Bodie, just across the line in California, for seven years and held a similar position for five years in Aurora, the sister town on the Nevada side of the state line.

Governor Colcord has been a leader in the Republican party in the state for years. He was elected Governor in 1891 and served until 1895, when he went back to his mining work. He was appointed superintendent of the mint in 1898 by President McKinley. The mint is now conducted as a government assay office.

"I am a miner," says the former Governor, "and I tell you it is the most satisfactory and cheerful calling in the world. I will not stop as long as I have a cent. Legitimate? Why, it is just as legitimate as raising wheat."



EX-GOVERNOR R. K. COLCORD

## EX-GOVERNOR JEWETT ADAMS

A MAN who has had a prominent part in the building of the West is former Governor of Nevada, Jewett W. Adams. He has seen enacted many of the history-making incidents of the last half century. When he was sixteen years of age he finished his course in the district school of Vermont, in which state he was born, and started for California by way of Panama. In 1856 and 1857 he acted as clerk for General John C. Fremont in Mariposa County, Cal. After coming to Nevada Mr. Adams became active in politics. He was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket in 1872, and served four years. He held office during stirring times, among the events of his term being the gold excitement at Gold Hill.

Retiring to private life, Governor Adams engaged actively in business. For years he has been a prominent stockman and has at all times been ready with advice and deeds for the upbuilding of the state. He makes his home at Carson City, where he is recouping his fortune by conducting a gypsum quarry and mill at Mound House, a few miles from Carson. The product of his mill and quarry is much in demand and large quantities are being shipped to San Francisco to be used in rebuilding that city.

Former Governor Adams' looks belie his seventy-two years. His white hair, courtly manner and slight, straight figure are well known to all residents of the sagebrush state.

EX-GOVERNOR JEWETT ADAMS

# TONOPAH

# TONOPAH

AN illimitable sand waste, broken by cruel, jagged hills jutting from a barren plain, known to government geographers as the Great Southern Nevada Desert, and shunned by every living thing except an occasional lizard.

This much and no more was known of the world's greatest gold-fields ten years ago.

Another picture, Tonopah.

Gone the sand waste ,gone the horror, and in its place a metropolitan, cosmopolitan community. The Southern Nevada Desert once called great because of its vastness, is now great indeed—great because it is daily increasing the wealth of the world; great because at a single bound it has accomplished what other desert countries have not done in centuries, but greatest of all because it stands as a monument to the combined achievement of men's brains, men's courage, men's brawn, and men's money.

On May 19, 1900, Tonopah came into being. It was upon that day that Jim Butler broke the samples from the Mizpah Ledge which were soon to cause the eyes of the mining world to be focused upon Southern Nevada.

The story of that discovery has been told elsewhere. All have heard of Jim Butler's search for a man who would assay his samples, of the days of hard labor three men endured before they knew the real worth of the new field, of the discouragement which met them on every hand and later of the mad rush for the new diggings.

It was from Belmont that Jim Butler traveled on his way to Klondyke when he located the Tonopah ground and it was to Belmont that he returned to have his sam-

ples assayed, thus it was that the first men to hear of the new strike were the Belmont men. Most of them had been ranching, some had been keeping stores and others had been prospecting and mining in a small way for many years. All went to Tonopah. The camp was first a tent, then a house, and later a city of business blocks and graded streets, electric lights and telephones.

Some enterprising citizen decided one day that it would be a good thing for Tonopah to become the county seat, and the miners proceeded to move it. If the people of Belmont objected, it made no difference for there were not more than a handful of them left to object, and Tonopah went on the principal of "what I want I take." The county seat was moved without any "by-your-leave" or "may I?"

The Belmont men were not long left in sole possession of the new land of wealth for the news traveled fast and people in all the remote camps of the country heard about it. In the cities they heard too, but in the cities people are sometimes skeptical and the wise ones assumed a "you-have-to-show-us" attitude. Some of them awoke before it was too late, and Tonopah became the center of a cosmopolitan population, composed of men and women with but a single aim.

Oddie Mountain, which had been a barren hill with not a stir of life, became the busiest place in the West. Men with leases from the original locaters, dug into the hill, cut it and cross-cut it, until it looked like a bee hive. They worked early and late, and reaped a golden harvest for themselves and for the owners of the ground.

The name of Mizpah became known the world over, and soon Belmont, Tonopah Extension, Montana-Tonopah, Midway, Jim Butler, and many others took their places alongside this great bonanza, each of them occu-

pying a place of more or less importance. Though locations have been made and mines have been developed since the day of the discovery of the Mizpah, Tonopah has never produced anything greater than this first property. If it is not the greatest silver-gold mine in the world today, it will give any other mine a close run for honors. From the beginning the mines of Tonopah have paid their owners. The first wagon-load of ore shipped out of the district brought the money which made further development of the mines possible, and since that time the production receipts have been enormous. In cash dividends Tonopah paid during the year 1906, $2,200,000 and 121,375 tons of ore were shipped. There is enough ore blocked out in the mines today to make them dividend-payers for many years, even if there is never another pound of gold or silver-bearing rock uncovered.

Men have thought enough of her future to erect fine business blocks and some of the most expensive homes in the State are located there. She has in the Tonopah Bonanza an up-to-date morning newspaper that would be a credit to any city and in the afternoon, the Tonopah Sun comes forth to cast its rays into the Tonopah homes, while three weeklies help to spread the greatness of Tonopah abroad.

The camp is the center of an ever-growing mining district and supplies Blair and its famous Silver Peak mine, which many believe the greatest in the state; Manhattan, Liberty, and many other camps of importance.

Tonopah's past has been a rosy one, but not one whit less bright is the outlook upon the future which stretches before her. In spite of her wonderful strides she is even now only an infant and none can set limits which will bind her advancement.

## JIM BUTLER

IM BUTLER is the father of Tonopah, solely, only, and pre-eminently. While the parentage of various other camps is a mooted question and the birth of most of them is shrouded in mystery, Tonopah is in a class by itself. It's all hats off to Jim Butler. It takes curiosity to make mines. If Little Old Jim Butler, as he is affectionately called, had not had curiosity there might not have been any Tonopah today. When Thomas Jefferson Bell, one of the others of the grand old pioneers of Nevada, discovered Klondyke, Jim Butler heard of the find and started on a trip to the new district. It was on the way that he camped over night and awoke the next morning to find Tonopah. Curiosity, or force of habit, made him break a few bits of rock from some of the outcroppings, and curiosity led him to find what was in it. This was on May 19, 1900, and the samples were taken off what is now the Buckboard Mine on the Mizpah lode.

With these samples Jim Butler concluded his trip to Klondyke. Assayers who saw the rock there thought little of it and threw the samples aside as not worth testing. The failure to get his rock assayed seemed to act as a stimulus to Jim Butler, and on the return trip he took more samples, which were later sent to the assayers by T. L. Oddie. In August of that year Mr. Butler and his wife left for the new diggings and on the twenty-sixth of that month made the locations covering the great Mizpah ledge. Their location monuments were made of ore taken from the ledge, for there were no stakes within many miles. Mrs. Butler named the camp Tonopah. With

JIM BUTLER

each new assay the locators grew more and more enthusiastic for the gold and silver values became higher. It was not long until the barren desert grew to be a hustling mining camp. From every section of the country came fortune-hunters, all seeking the new El Dorado. And Tonopah was made.

As long as there is a Nevada, as long as the world remembers the benefits that have come from her wondrous treasure vaults, so long will the name of Jim Butler be known and honored. And beside it must be placed in every record of the growth of this great southern empire the name of Mrs. Belle Butler, his wife. Of all Nevada women she is the most honored. Kind-hearted, noble-spirited and courageous she went through all the hardships of the early days without a word of complaint.

A word about Jim Butler. He is a big-hearted, broad-gauge, thoroughly Western type. Of strong character, of firm mental fibre, he combines certain carelessnesses with strong intellectuality and a really philosophical bent of mind. His word poeple are willing to take for his bond, and he believes that the word of mouth is as binding and solemn as is any written contract. He was born in 1855 in El Dorado County, California, and his boyhood days were passed among the scenes of the wonderful placer diggings. He drifted to Nevada in the days when the famous Comstock was still astonishing the world, and mined in Austin, Pioche, White Pine, and various other districts. Thirty years of hard knocks were his before fortune laid in his path the Mizpah Ledge on that memorable May morning. Today he lives on a beautiful ranch in Bishop, and every few days his big automobile comes chugging into Tonopah, bringing the father for another glimpse of the now full-grown child.

## T. L. ODDIE

WRITE the name of Jim Butler and you tell the beginning of the history of Tonopah; write the name of T. L. Oddie and you give the world a mining camp, full grown and a winner.

In the sleepy little town of Belmont, which was at that time almost all of Southern Nevada, there was a young attorney endowed with plenty of brains but little coin of the realm. In this latter particular he resembled his fellow townsmen, for as some humorist writes, there was not more than $26 in all Nye County. Mr. Oddie was assistant district attorney, superintendent of schools, and various other things beneficial to the people of Belmont, but not particularly remunerative to T. L. Oddie. To quote the same humorist, his salary was $50 a month, payable in scrip in seven years. It was not then Oddie the miner, or Oddie the state senator that people heard of, but just Oddie the assistant district attorney, or Oddie, "the fellow that looked after the school kids." But young Oddie was not the sort of a man to be content long with a salary of $50 a month payable in seven years, and when Jim Butler returned from that now famous trip to Klondyke with some rock that looked good, Mr. Oddie listened to his appeal and arranged to have the assay made. It was the beginning of a new life for Oddie. This was in the summer of 1900. By offering an assayer in Austin an interest in the property Jim Butler had discovered, and securing his report, Mr. Oddie made possible the Tonopah of today. With Jim Butler and W. Brougher, Mr. Oddie went to the Mizpah ground located by Butler, and there the three men, work-

ing by turns, sank a shaft fifteen feet. From there they hauled the ore, two wagonloads in all, to Belmont, and then a hundred miles farther to the nearest railroad at Austin. The $600, which was the net result of this shipment, was the first money to come from the now famous Mizpah Ledge. The story of Tonopah, with its leasers who gophered Oddie Mountain and made a fortune for its locators and for themselves, tells the rest. Mr. Oddie opened the Tonopah Mining Company's ground, as well as the Belmont and Jim Butler, and he made them all pay. He acquired heavy interests in the Midway Mining Company, the Tonopah & Goldfield Railroad, and was the first president of the Nye & Ormsby County Bank. He was one of the first on the ground after the discovery of Goldfield, and put much money into that camp and Bullfrog, which has helped largely in the development of both. He has always been interested in securing public utilities and owns extensive water rights. One of his pet projects is a gigantic plan to bring an abundance of water into Goldfield and Tonopah, which should solve for all time the water problem in the two camps.

Mr. Oddie was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 24, 1870. He was educated in Orange, N. J., and later graduated from the night school of New York University, New York City, where he was admitted to the bar. In 1898 the management of the Anson Phelps Stokes estate induced Mr. Oddie to come to Nevada, where the estate had large interests. Since that time he has never left the state except for brief visits. Few men have so many friends. He is a quiet, gentle-mannered man, handsome, trusts others implicitly, dislikes to say "no" to any proposition that has merit, and there are innumerable young men in Nevada today who owe their start in life to T. L. Oddie.

## MALCOLM MACDONALD

IF MALCOLM MACDONALD had done nothing in his life but install the telephone and telegraph system throughout Southern Nevada, bringing even the remotest camps and mines into instant communication with the outside world, he would not have lived in vain, and the state would rise up and call him blessed.

At a time when public corporations with unlimited means were unwilling to spend their money in utilities for the development of that part of the desert country, it was Malcolm Macdonald who rose to the occasion and in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles built a system of lines that was a god-send to the people of the community. Actuated by a desire to give the outlying camps a service that would make it possible for them to exist, he secured the necessary capital for telephone and telegraph systems, projected and built automobile roads; and instead of days and weeks, minutes and hours separated the integral parts of the greatest mining country the world has ever known.

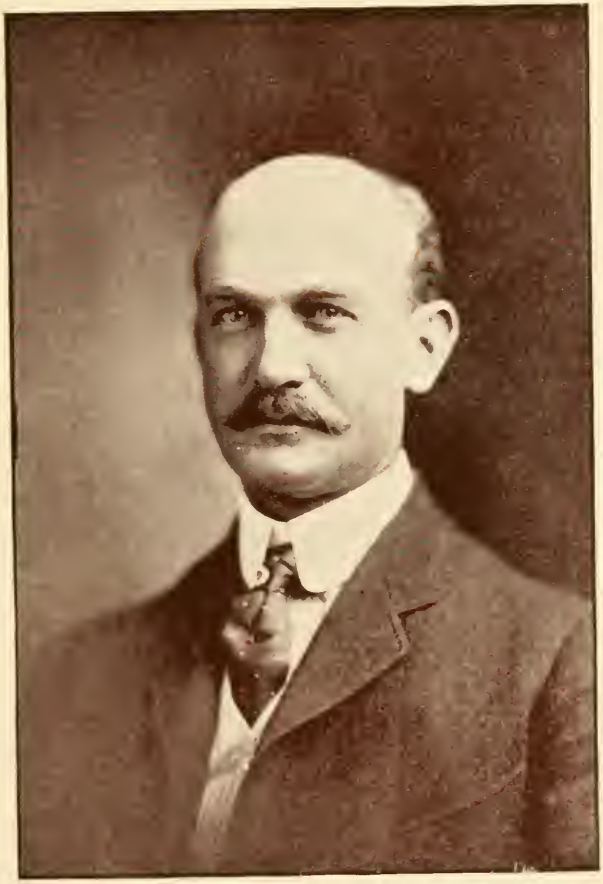
Malcolm Macdonald is the typical man of affairs, the daring organizer and investor, just the sort of man that is necessary to the welfare of a state such as Nevada. The mining district is his home. His playgrounds in early life were the shafts of the Comstock, where his father was a leader during the palmy days of the great gold diggings. He went to school in California and then betook himself to Montana, where he made a phenomenal record in mining engineering. He became associated with Joseph Harper, one of the noted mining and construction experts in the West. Macdonald had supervision of the build-

ing of the Big Horn dam system, from which Butte was supplied with water and power. The firm had charge of other great works in Montana before Mr. Macdonald decided to return to Nevada, his native state, being succeeded in the partnership with Colonel Harper by his brother, Irving Macdonald.

His career in Nevada has been one of constant activity. One of his first tasks was the building of the telephone and telegraph systems and the construction of automobile roads. He is consulting engineer of the Tonopah Extension Mining Company, in which Charles M. Schwab is one of the heaviest investors, and is president of the Southern Nevada Telephone and Telegraph Company. His interests are numerous and varied. He took charge of the Montgomery-Shoshone Consolidated Mine and developed its millions. He is the associate of many wealthy men, and owns properties that promise immense riches. Throughout Southern Nevada his hand has been felt, always building up, never destroying.

He is president of the First National Bank of Goldfield, and this institution is one of his pet undertakings. Whenever there is word of a new strike or new discovery in any part of the state, Malcolm Macdonald and his men are among the first on the spot. Thus he has acquired interests in every quarter. One of the camps in which he is concentrating a large part of his energy at present is Rosebud, which he believes shows promise of being among those which will some day be famous in the history of Nevada's gold regions.

It is said of Malcolm Macdonald that he is the embodiment of the now somewhat trite motto, "Don't knock but boost." He has never been known to speak ill of any man. If his opinions are contrary to those of another, he



MALCOLM MACDONALD

states the fact and drops the subject. He is straightforward and open in his manner and in his dealing with his fellow men. No man can attain such prominence as his and be free from the attacks of those who seek to detract from his achievements. But he does not retaliate. If he says nothing good he says nothing at all. He is one of the busiest men in the state and his offices are the center from which radiates much of the business impetus of the district. Surrounded by associates and employes, his time is fully occupied, but he never refuses an audience to any one who may seek it. The door of his office swings open to admit rich and poor alike and to all he is the kindly, courteous man whom Nevada has come to associate with what is most progressive in her development.

## DONALD B. GILLIES

THE mining engineers have been the mine makers of Nevada. Upon the shoulders of a few has rested the actual responsibility of making dividend payers out of prospects. Since the beginning of the gold excitement in Tonopah, which means the beginning of Southern Nevada, the various mining fields of the world have been contributing their best in brains and skill to this new El Dorado. Montana has sent many of those most active in her mineral zone and there is none in Nevada today who is better known than Donald B. Gillies.

He came to Nevada a young man, with a brief but brilliant record behind him, and abundance of high hopes for the future. Added to this he brought a sound mining education, unlimited energy, a long business head and a happy disposition. The prominence of his position today in the state's activities proves how well this stock in trade has served him. Few men have met with so much success.

When the Montana-Tonopah Mining Company was casting about for a man to take charge of its property and make it the mine it promised and has since proved to be, they sent for Don Gillies and made him an offer flattering enough to turn the head of a young man less wise. As general manager of this property he paid the first dividend to the stockholders a year from the time he first took the reins in his hands. He resigned this position to accept a similar one with the Tonopah-Extension Mining Company, and later became its president. His handling of the Montana-Tonopah Mine first attracted the

attention of Charles M. Schwab to him and the impression Mr. Schwab received of him then was strengthened before he had long been in charge of the Tonopah Extension. Today he has charge of all Mr. Schwab's interests in Nevada, which have been growing more extensive all the time.

The purchase of the Montgomery-Shoshone in the Bullfrog District was made upon his recommendation, as was also the purchase of the Polaris and Crystal groups, which later formed the holdings of the Shoshone Consolidated Mines Company. He was instrumental in effecting the consolidation of several of the best properties in Greenwater, and this camp, he believes, will some day be one of the great copper producers of the world. Copper mining in any country involves the expenditure of much money, and it will be necessary to do a large amount of work in Greenwater to determine the actual status of the district. The consolidation includes the Greenwater and Death Valley, the Furnace Creek and the United Greenwater companies, the choicest in the district. There is no camp in Nevada in which Mr. Gillies is not interested, and his personal holdings in most of them are very large. It is not as the mining engineer, but as the operator that he is most heard of today.

His interests keep him always on the wing and he is here one day and away the next, with his watchful eye in every quarter where he or the men who are his associates, have capital invested.

Personally he is a favorite among his acquaintances. His boyhood days were spent in Ontario, Canada, where he first saw the light in 1872. His father and his grandfather had been miners before him, and it was natural that he should have a desire to follow in their footsteps.

DONALD B. GILLIES

He entered the Michigan College of Mines and graduated there with the degrees of B. S. and E. M. His first actual field experience was in the employment of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company in Northern Michigan, and he later became the superintendent of all the mining properties of W. A. Clark in Butte, Montana. Many of the leading capitalists of the east have invested money in Nevada upon his advice, and his opinion is being continually sought.

## CHARLES M. SCHWAB

OLD begets gold. It takes money to make mines. Without the vast amount of capital which has been brought into Southern Nevada the world's greatest proved mining field might today be but a prospect.

Every captain of industry who has invested money in mining knows that for every winning card there must be many blanks. The barren ground must be proved as well as the mine and every dollar that is actually put into the ground, whether it strikes another dollar or proves that there is no dollar there to strike, serves its purpose in developing the country.

The West has drawn much of her development capital from a few financiers of the East who recognized her wonderful possibilities and were ready to send gold hunting for more gold.

Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, has been in the first rank of those who have opened their coffers and poured their treasure into the mining regions of Southern Nevada. Long before the railroad penetrated the remote parts of the state, Mr. Schwab covered the sagebrush to see with his own eyes the prospects it was offering him. Upon the advice of experienced mining men whom he has kept in the field since the early days of Tonopah, he has invested money in nearly every camp in the state. He was first attracted to Tonopah, where he purchased from Tom Lockhart and A. D. Myers the controlling interest in Tonopah Extension. The most noted of all his purchases has been that of the Montgomery-Shoshone and other properties which go to make up the holdings of the famous Shoshone Consolidated. He later acquired

other properties in the Bullfrog District, which make him by far the largest owner in a district which promises to be a producer long after some of the more sensational camps have ceased to exist. Mr. Schwab is chief among the owners of the most promising properties in Greenwater and he is interested in various other projects in the state, including townsite interests and a plan to erect a smelter.

A word about Charles M. Schwab, the man. There are few men in the public eye today whose lives are so full of interest as that of this steel magnate. He was born in Williamsburg, Blair County, Pennsylvania, February 18, 1862, and was educated by the Franciscan brothers at Loretti. He began his business career as a grocer's boy, and his first work in connection with the steel industry, of which he was destined to become the head, was in the engineering department of the Edgar Thompson Steel Company, where he drove stakes for $1.00 a day. The story of his rapid rise from that time forward has stirred many a boy to greater efforts. Suffice it to say that in 1897 he was made president of the Carnegie Steel Works and became the highest salaried man in the world.

In all his work Mr. Schwab has carried out the consolidation idea. He believes that concentration saves cost in production and that the salvation of the working man and the capitalist lies in the trust.

In all his mining ventures in Nevada he has carried out this same plan, as is shown in the consolidation of so many properties in the Bullfrog District, and also in the Greenwater consolidation.

His Nevada associates know Charles Schwab and admire him for a man of big brain, keen judgment, splendid executive ability, affable, of sympathetic nature and great generosity. Of his wealth he gives abundantly as many public institutions and countless individuals could testify.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

## JOHN SALSBERRY

HE copper king of the new Nevada mining country is John Salsberry, and Ubehebe, his mineral empire, will astonish the world with its outpourings of wealth. They say of Ubehebe, as Queen Sheba said of old, "The half was not told me." The man who goes into the district is promised much, he realizes more. In this district John Salsberry is the leader and the ruling spirit and the time is coming when the coffers of himself and his associates will be overflowing with the proceeds from kindly Mother Earth.

John Salsberry is probably as well known as any miner in Nevada. He came to Tonopah in May, 1901, from Tuolumne County, California, where he was mining on the mother lode. He secured an interest in the Belmont, one of Tonopah's great properties, and also has had extensive holdings on ground adjoining the Montana-Tonopah. He was one of the heavy investors and staunch supporters of the Bullfrog District, assisting in the incorporation of valuable properties. He has operated widely throughout the southern part of the State, and his work has been carried on in such a business-like, systematic way that it has inspired general confidence, his efforts being followed closely by a large contingent. His faith in Ubehebe has served to stimulate great interest in that camp. Impartial investigators who have visited this great copper district declare its possibilities are almost unlimited.

The land lies in such a way that the ore can be taken out with but little difficulty. The mountains are high and

the descent to the valley is sharp. The contact is distinct and the ledges are the true copper rock. They are there in plain view, and the more one looks, the more he is convinced. By the outcroppings the ledges may be traced practically 2,000 feet along the side of the mountain.

Previous to the discovery of Ubehebe, Mr. Salsberry had been deeply interested in other copper properties. He was one of the first men with money to enter the Greenwater District. His agents had secured many claims there and later Mr. Salsberry himself made a visit to the valley. He was prominent in the affairs of the Death Valley Copper Mining Company and was an important factor in the organization and exploitation of the company which Charles M. Schwab and his associates have backed with their millions.

His judgment appears to be almost infallible. He has co-operated with many of the other prominent men of Nevada in the development of mining property and his career in the state is a record of successful operations.

In almost every camp of Nevada Mr. Salsberry has lumber yards, and in the management of these properties he has been so successful that they have added materially to his fortune. He is generous, a good booster for the state, is public-spirited and is always ready to lend a hand or advance money for the betterment of the community. He is essentially a self-made man. He has been a miner for years and seems to have been one of those destined by the Goddess of Chance to find a fortune in the ground. He is known throughout the country. His faith in the state is the faith of the man who knows. He frequently makes trips to the East, and when he speaks, eastern capital is ready to listen and be convinced. John Salsberry is big, handsome and Western.

## JUDGE J. P. O'BRIEN

UDGE J. P. O'BRIEN missed the San Francisco earthquake six weeks, coming to Tonopah just that length of time before the cataclysmic disturbance in the good old city by the Golden Gate. The Judge did not leave San Francisco because he knew the earthquake was due to arrive, but because he recognized in Nevada a place worthy of a man's best efforts. He was born in San Francisco, attended the public schools and read law under the now famous attorney, D. M. Delmas. Mr. O'Brien formed a partnership with E. L. Campbell, which continued several years. He acquired a peculiar fascination for mining law. In 1896 he went to Tuolumne County, where he built up an extensive practice, largely cases of mining law. Judge O'Brien returned to San Francisco in 1903, and almost immediately he became the legal representative of some of the biggest mining companies and other interests in the State.

Coming to Tonopah, Mr. O'Brien at once entered actively upon the practice of his profession, devoting his time principally to the law pertaining to mining, water rights and corporation business generally.

May 6, 1907, he was appointed District Judge by Governor Sparks, to fill the position created by the last legislature, when a new district was formed. Although the salary is the highest ever paid to any judge in the state, Mr. O'Brien refused the appointment three times, preferring to look after the extensive interests which he represented, but was persuaded to accept. He is a Democrat, strong in the councils of the party, and on the bench is admitted to have few equals as an interpreter of the laws.

JUDGE J. P. O'BRIEN

## HUGH H. BROWN

ITHOUT learned expounders of mining and corporation laws the actual business of this Nevada wonder-land would be seriously retarded. Such an exponent of legal lore is Hugh H. Brown, member of the widely known firm of Campbell, Metson & Brown of San Francisco and Nevada.

The firm established offices in Tonopah in the days of the camp's infancy and has had no small part in upbuilding the community, Mr. Brown being the resident member.

Graduating from Stanford in the class of '96, Mr. Brown was admitted to the California bar in the same year. He received his first training in mining law under the late Patrick Reddy. When the firm decided to open offices in Nevada, Mr. Brown was sent to the sagebrush and has remained ever since. He represents some of the biggest mining enterprises in the state, among them being many owned by the Brock interests. The interests of the firm have not been confined to Tonopah, for they have branch offices in nearly every camp in Southern Nevada.

Among the many corporations that Mr. Brown guides legally aright are: Tonopah Mining Company, the Jim Butler Tonopah Mining Company, the Tonopah & Goldfield Railroad, the Bullfrog & Goldfield Railroad, the Desert Power & Mill Company, the Tonopah United Water Company, and the Nevada Copper Company.

Mr. Brown is the sagebrush Beau Brummel, and—whisper it lest he hear you—probably the best dressed man in Nevada.

HUGH H. BROWN

## L. L. MUSHETT

NLY in Nevada, where the poor man of today is the rich man of tomorrow, could a man with a hundred dollars' worth of mining stock as his sole claim to wealth at the beginning of one year, write his name for $175,000 before that year was nine months old.

Yet that was just what L. L. Mushett, erstwhile telegraph operator and now prominent mine operator, did. Mr. Mushett was born in California in November, 1874, and at the age of eighteen entered the employment of the Southern Pacific as a telegrapher. When the railroad was built into Tonopah he went to the camp to be chief dispatcher for the system and served in this position for two years, when he was made postmaster. This office he resigned to engage in the mining business and he started in with practically no capital. He organized the firm of Mushett & Lawson, and became associated in business with W. E. Lawson. Fortune smiled upon him. He bought stocks and he bought the right ones. When the big merger at Goldfield took place he held 20,000 shares of Consolidated. Today he has interests in every camp in the state. He is president of the J. P. Fitting Company and with this company has floated many successful mining promotions. Among others he and his associates secured the McAfee Copper property in Inyo County, sold to Charles M. Schwab, and now known as the Loretto Copper Company; the Mears & Sanger copper properties in Ubehebe sold to John Salsberry and his eastern associates; and several others from which great wealth is expected.

L. L. MUSHETT

## KEY PITTMAN

PUBLIC spirited, when applied as a term descriptive of a man's character, is often misused, but not so in the case of Key Pittman, who stands high among men of Nevada and whose work as a mining attorney has brought him more than local fame. He is a Southern gentleman, and proud of it.

Mississippi was his birthplace, his education being obtained in that state and at the Southwestern University, Clarksville, Tenn. He went to Seattle and was prominent in legal circles in that city. In 1897 he went to Dawson and then to Nome, practicing with much success. Then he came to Tonopah and soon became identified with some of the biggest mining companies in the State. He represents in a legal way a long list of corporations, some of the most important being the Tonopah Extension, Bullfrog Mining Company, United Greenwater Copper, Nevada Smelting and Mines corporation; he is assistant counsel of the Montgomery-Shoshone Consolidated, and others equally important. He is attorney for the Schwab interests, State Bank and Trust Company, Southern Nevada Telephones and Telegraph Company and is a director in the big Greenwater properties acquired by John Brock and associates. His value to the public as a citizen is seen in his appointment by the Nevada Supreme Court as delegate to the Universal congress of lawyers and jurists in St. Louis in 1904; appointment by the Governor as delegate to the National Irrigation Congress in Portland, 1905; appointment as colonel on the Governor's staff, 1907, and his selection as delegate to the National Irrigation Congress in Sacramento.

A true son of Dixie-land, a true citizen of Nevada.

## ZEB KENDALL

HEN there was but one frame dwelling in Tonopah, and a score of men and one woman in camp, Zeb Kendall, a miner who had been working in Delamar, arrived with a small pack and not much of anything else in the world but a giant physique and a desire for gold. The giant was born in Kansas in 1875, and lived most of the early part of his life on his father's ranch, where he learned to fear nothing and to like hard work. He always had a desire to mine and in 1896 went to Delamar, where he gained his practical experience under ground.

He arrived in Tonopah just in time to begin leasing on Mount Oddie and in this way he made his first stake. In 1902 he built the Palace Hotel, the first hostelry in Tonopah. At the beginning of the excitement in Goldfield, Zeb Kendall opened the January lease which was the first in that camp. He and his associates struck it lucky on this and hit the ledge when they had been working only two days. News of this strike when out to the world and it was not long before leasing was the popular form of mining in this section.

Various other ventures followed this one and they all met with a more or less degree of success. Mr. Kendall started the Zeb Kendall Brokerage Company and gained the confidence of a large part of the investing world.

A big hearted boyish fellow, with nothing but kind words and kind thoughts for all, he has always had a host of friends. He has known what it is to be rich one day and poor the next and there are few men in the state whose fortunes have gone through such meteoric changes.

## BERT L. SMITH

A SANDWICHED career of banking and mining and more banking and more mining has brought the name of Bert L. Smith into prominence in nearly every mining camp of the west. Mr. Smith was born in Leeds, Green County, New York, but he realized before he had reached a very mature age that the West was the place for him, and since 1882 he has been living in frontier towns. His first years in the West were spent in Colorado mining and later he was active in Wyoming and Old Mexico. In 1897 he went to Eureka, one of the early-day camps, and there he purchased the Eureka County Bank, an institution of which he is still vice president. With his brother, O. J. Smith, he began acquiring banking interests all over the state and his second move was the organization of the Southern Nevada Bank at Bullfrog, which is now the First National Bank at Rhyolite. This was in the first days of the excitement in the Bullfrog district and that same year Mr. Smith moved his headquarters from Eureka to Tonopah. Early in the Manhattan boom he started the Bank of Manhattan and is its president today.

The First National Bank, of Elko of which he is vice president, was organized by him in 1893. He is president of the Manhattan Pine Nut Mining ompany, the Yellow Horse, vice-president of the Eureka Manhattan, and a director in the Manhattan Sedan.

Bert L. Smith is a typical successful business man. He is clear headed, alert, decisive and possessed of down-to-date methods in mining and banking.

BERT L. SMITH

## IRVING MACDONALD

THE pathless wastes of Nevada's desert lands have been made comparatively safe, even for the tenderfoot, by the surveyor and map-maker. While perhaps not as exciting in the hope of sudden wealth as the work of the prospector and developer of mining property, the task of the surveying engineer is of as much or greater importance in the upbuilding of a great mining community.

Irving Macdonald, senior member of the firm of Macdonald & Moran, surveyors and engineer, has a record of great achievements in his work. Montana was his birthplace, and Helena his native city, where he opened his eyes in 1870. He was educated in California, and gained his first mining knowledge in the field and in the office. He was a member of the firm of Harper & Macdonald in Butte.

Along with many others who formed a general exodus of mining men bound for Nevada, Mr. Macdonald went to Tonopah in 1904 and opened an office. His firm made the first map of Greenwater and has just published a new map of the Tonopah district that is probably the best and most complete ever issued.

Aside from his success in his profession, Mr. Macdonald has been active in mining and has acquired interests in Manhattan, Greenwater, Silver Peak, and several other camps.

Mr. Macdonald in official capacity is land attorney for Nevada, having been appointed to this position by the department at Washington.

IRVING MACDONALD

## WILLIAM J. MORAN

ILLIAM J. MORAN, associate of Irving Macdonald in the firm of Macdonald & Moran, surveyors and engineers, is another man who has decided that Nevada is the best place after all. He is a natural Nevadan, his father being one of the prominent mining men of the Comstock days. Mr. Moran was born in Virginia City, not a very long time ago. After graduating from the University of Nevada in 1901 he went to Butte, Montana, and entered the office of Harper & Macdonald, as civil engineer. Not long after this the old longing for the sagebrush state came over him and he decided to return to Nevada. Looking over the list of desirable camps in which he might locate, he settled on Tonopah and subsequent events show that he made no mistake.

Mr. Moran succeeded Mr. Harper in the firm which then became, and has remained since, Macdonald & Moran. His work in Montana had been of a nature to give him much actual experience in the mining country and the firm soon had a business that grew toward every point of the compass.

Both Mr. Moran and Mr. Macdonald are known all over Southern Nevada, and in the north as well. Their field work takes them into every important district in the great mining country and they take rank with enterprising men who came, saw Nevada, conquered all obstacles, and stayed: reliable successful men, full of confidence and determination.

W. J. MORAN

## CHARLES T. GRIMES

IN NEVADA CITY, California, no longer ago than 1882, a boy was born and christened Charles T. Grimes. The birth records, if Nevada City boasts of such records, give his name thus and the family Bible also bears like witness, but the young man himself would look up in startled wonder if addressed as Charles. In Tonopah today "Puddy" Grimes holds a place in the hearts of the people that is entirely his own. When Charles Grimes was old enough to understand that he had a name, some small youngster called him "Paddy." Some other more original friend changed it to "Puddy," and "Puddy" he is today.

In the first days of Tonopah Puddy Grimes drove alone from his home in California to the scene of the mining excitement and there he has remained ever since. Always jolly, always willing to lend a helping hand to do for someone in need, and always the same little smiling fun-maker, it was not long until he was one of the best-liked fellows in camp. During the black pneumonia epidemic in Tonopah, which was little short of a plague, there were many who learned a side of the man they will never forget. People were dying on every hand, and there were no nurses to be had. During the whole of that long and memorable winter he worked night after night to aid in the fight against death. The name of "Puddy" followed him into Tonopah and he, thinking it a good joke on himself, registered to vote under the name and later made his political campaign under the same cognomen. Today every document which passes through the county recorder's office bears the name of Puddy Grimes.

CHARLES T. GRIMES

## MARIUS DUVALL

HERE are some men on whom adversity acts as a stimulus; men who work and strive and finally see success at their finger-tips only to see it slip away before they have clutched it firmly; then strive and work again.

To such men the goddess of chance may be fickle many times, but in the end she bestows her lasting gift. Marius Duvall is one of these. He arrived in Tonopah on the stage one day early in the year 1902. In Tonopah he met Tom Lockhart and bonded from him what is now the Tonopah Extension Mining Company. He went to San Francisco with it, but through the short-sightedness of one of his associates lost the ground.

In 1904 he again appeared in Tonopah and organized the Tonopah Standard Mining Company to develop ground in the western part of the camp—convinced that the enormous ore bodies of this district lie in an east and west zone. The shaft on this property is now down 625 feet and will be continued to the "Lode Porphyry."

He went to Death Valley and engaged in prospecting for copper, but suspended operations there until the railroads, now building into that region, are completed.

His career has been a versatile one. Born in Maryland, educated at the United States Naval Academy, he went west about twenty years ago and has been engaged in mining in Montana, California and Nevada ever since.

There are few experiences that fall to the lot of the miner that have not been his, and through all of them he has remained a cheerful optimist.

MARIUS DUVALL

## WILL C. RUSSELL

THE scion of the family of the pioneers of California and the Comstock, Will C. Russell, secretary and treasurer of the United Mine Syndicate of Nevada, comes naturally by his love for life on the desert. His father crossed the plains in the early days, and his uncle, Charles H. Strong, was superintendent of the Gould and Curry at Virginia City.

Will Russell was born in California in 1873 and received his preliminary education at Oakland, graduating from the University of California with the class of '98. While in college he was Berkeley correspondent for the San Francisco Call and for three years was manager of the University of California magazine.

Immediately after his graduation he went to Alaska, and spent most of his time in the Klondike until the fall of 1901, visiting in the meantime all the important camps of Alaska and of the British northwest. Since that time he has been gaining practical mining experience in California and Nevada. He was interested in, and in charge of, properties in Placer, Plumos, and El Dorado counties, until he became secretary and manager of the United Mine Syndicate, a company backed largely by eastern capitalists and operating properties at Bullfrog and Atwood.

Mr. Russell holds a large block of stock in this Syndicate and has other mining and commercial interests of importance. He is a partner in the Silver Peak Mercantile Company and the Tonopah Manhattan Forwarding Company.

WILL C. RUSSELL

## THOMAS JEFFERSON BELL

SEVENTY miles out from Tonopah, living on a beautiful ranch on Reese river, is a man who had not a little to do with history-making in Southern Nevada. He is Thomas Jefferson Bell, and he has been prospecting in Nye county for forty-seven years. He discovered Southern Klondyke, the camp to which Jim Butler was going when he discovered Tonopah. He is the kind of man to whom any one would be proud to take off his hat.

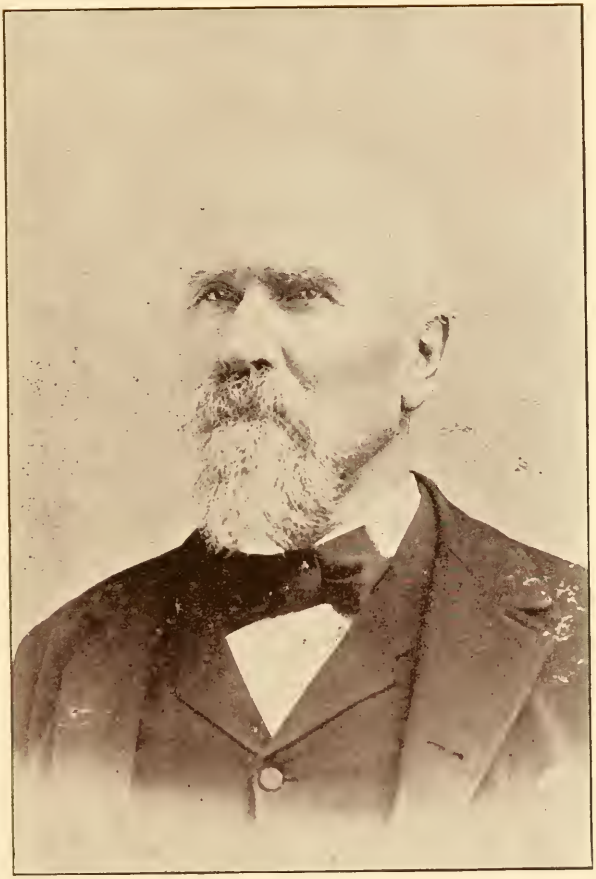
Elected to the assembly, he was chosen speaker of that body, and has seen long service in the interests of Nevada. Almost half a century before Southern Nevada showed any signs of becoming the great country it is today, he was living there, making of a strip of barren land, a beautiful ranch, raising a large family of boys, and prospecting in between crops.

He has a large fund of good stories gleaned from experience, and he recounts them with all the delight of a small boy.

At one time he had to make out some papers for a policy in a Masonic aid society. Answering the questions which were put to him as to his occupation, he said "mining."

The examiner wrote back: "Can't you give some less dangerous occupation than mining, and who is your family physician? Where did he graduate?"

"The only risk in being a miner is that of starving to death," the Senator wrote back, and, "as for the family physician—the nearest doctor is a hundred miles away, and we have never seen him."



THOMAS JEFFERSON BELL

## JOHN Y. McKANE

HE faculty of knowing when to buy and when to sell, a fair quota of luck, and a generous measure of business ability are the principal factors that have contributed to the great success in Nevada of John Y. McKane.

The psychological moment found him in Tonopah, later in Goldfield, and still later in Bullfrog. In each camp he was an early investor in some of the best properties. His first lucky venture in Goldfield was a lease on the Jumbo, from which he and his associates realized a large sum of money. An hour after L. L. Patrick had secured an option on the Combination, Mr. McKane tried to buy the property, but he was too late. From Tom Lockhart he secured an option on the Tonopah Extension at fifteen cents a share. This was sold to Charles M. Schwab, and Mr. McKane retained a good interest for himself, also being made Mr. Schwab's representative in Nevada. He bought other properties in Goldfield and several in Diamondfield and Bullfrog, selling most of them at the right moment.

From Nevada, Mr. McKane went to Cobalt, Canada, where he made another big mining deal. Since that time he has been visiting his ancestral halls in Scotland. Much of the time each year is spent at his beautiful country place in New Brunswick. He is a Scotchman, of magnetic personality, possesses remarkable oratorical abilities and has the proud record of almost invariably winning that for which he strives.

JOHN Y. McKANE

## JOHN C. KIRCHEN

AMONG the men who are actively engaged in helping to swell the production receipts of Tonopah's mines, is John G. Kirchen.

Mr. Kirchen is general manager of the Tonopah Extension Mining Company's property, and in this capacity he has charge of the development work of the mine. When the various interests of Don Gillies made it impossible for him to devote the necessary time to the active management of the Tonopah Extension, Mr. Kirchen was chosen to fill his place, and all who are conversant with the affairs of the mine declare that the choice was a wise one.

Mr. Kirchen was born at Lake Linden, Michigan, thirty-five years ago, and he received his mining education at the Michigan College of Mines, at Houghton, Michigan, where he graduated with the class of 1894. He was connected with various large copper interests in the Michigan copper districts for six years before he came west. Since that time he has been engaged in the examination of mines for eastern capitalists, and this work has carried him into nearly every mining field of the west. Though a young man, his opinion carries weight with men of prominence, and he has been remarkably successful in everything he has undertaken.

JOHN C. KIRCHEN

# GOLDFIELD

# GOLDFIELD

REATEST of all of these is Goldfield. An infant born of the prodigy Tonopah, she, like the Goddess Minerva, who sprang full grown from the brain of Jove, was a grown city before she had become used to being a camp.

Here is a case wherein the child has not only outgrown the parent but all the ancestors as well.

With a population of nearly 20,000 Goldfield is the largest city in Nevada. Her wage-earners receive $27,000 a day, or a grand total of nearly ten million a year, and she is only four years old.

During at least three of those four years the attention of the entire world has been focused on this camp. The names of her mines have become common words on the Atlantic coast and the Pacific coast, on the ocean liners and in the metropolitan centers of the Old World and the New, on trains and street-cars. Everywhere men talk Goldfield. Many who have never seen a mine are familiar with "high grade." In Goldfield it is the only thing that counts. The men mine in their waking hours and in their sleep. They talk mines at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. The theatres play to empty houses and each one that starts finally closes and the actors depart for places where they can at least make meal tickets. People have no time to be amused, and if they had time they would not care for it. The game they are playing is more fascinating than any man has ever devised.

To the tenderfoot dropped in the desert for the first time Goldfield presents a most remarkable sight. Coming out of the blackness and vast barrenness of the desert

at night, into a brilliantly lighted city with cabmen and bus drivers all shouting at once the benefits of what they have to offer, is enough to startle anyone. To be driven to an hotel where accommodations are as good as can be found in almost any city of the size in the world, is the second surprise, and they come like an avalanche thereafter.

Everywhere there are beautiful homes presided over by beautiful women who dress for dinner, have teas and luncheons, and dances and musicales, just as they do in New York; who have bridge whist and a woman's club, and in short nearly everything they would have if they were anywhere else in the world.

It was not always thus. There are those in Goldfield who can tell a different story. They remember the day when a man with a bit of canvas over his head, was a lucky man. They remember the day when the man with a piece of sheet iron, had an ideal cook stove, and was to be envied among men. They remember the day when bacon and beans were a pleasurable reality three times a day, and oysters on the half-shell only a dream of the past or the future.

Men have wrought these changes—wrought them with their hands, their brains and their money. Millions have been spent in bringing Goldfield to its present state, but Goldfield has paid compound interest on every cent that has been spent for her betterment.

Goldfield's first location was made in February, 1903, on the north side of Columbia mountain two miles to the south of the heart of Goldfield, as it is today. Harry Stimler and William Marsh called the location Sandstorm, because on the day of its discovery the air was filled with alkali dust.

Water determined the location of the town of Goldfield for it was around a well at the corner of Main and Myers street, dug there by A. D. Myers and T. D. Murphy, that the first tents were pitched, and the nucleus of the city was formed. In October, 1903, with the organization of the Goldfield Townsite Company, the Goldfield mining district was organized. The following month the population cleared away the sage-brush and laid off Main street. Lots were sold for a song, others were given away, and many could be had for the squatting. They tell a story now of one that was sold for twenty-five dollars, later bought for three hundred and fifty, and finally lost in a single hand at a poker game. That lot is today worth many thousands.

The postoffice was established in camp in January, 1904, and that postoffice is today doing a business equal to that of any city in the United States three times its size.

The camp was started right in the beginning. There were real mines there almost upon the surface and values became better all the time. Each new strike was a new triumph, and when the world heard of Mohawk, Combination, Sandstorm, Kendall, Florence, Red Top, Jumbo, Great Bend, Gold Bar, and a score of others, any one of which would be enough to warrant the building of a camp, the world could not help opening its eyes.

The leasers helped to make Goldfield. Spurred on by the lure of the shining gold which they knew was under the ground, and pressed by a time limit, they put all their money and all their energy to work, and the fortunes which they have banked, have been their reward.

Goldfield has had a remarkable infancy and a remarkable growth, but those fade into insignificance in comparison with the future which appears to lie before her. The spectacular element may vanish, but the gold is there, and her history hereafter will be written in figures.

## J. P. LOFTUS

WHEREVER men gather to develop the natural resources of the land and build a community, it falls to the lot of a few to lead, to many to follow. In the wonderful story of Nevada's golden outpouring of riches there appear characters who stand out in bold relief against the background of the majority. In the pursuit of wealth on Nevada's deserts men pause to speak in praise of the work and achievements of J. P. Loftus, of the firm of Loftus & Davis.

What measure of success has come to this man, and Fortune has smiled on his efforts, is due to perseverance, to keen business judgment, and to his own honest endeavors. Of the men who have made Nevada, Loftus and Davis stand in the foremost rank.

J. P. Loftus was born in New York. He acquired an education, as he has done all else that he possesses, by his own efforts. He was left an orphan at the age of six years, but has faced the world manfully on his own resources from that time to this. Mr. Loftus came to the camp of Goldfield in the early days. As he expresses it, his office was under his hat, for the first two years.

The mining operations of Mr. Loftus and his partner, Mr. Davis, have been on an extensive scale, so extensive that the firm has the reputation throughout Nevada and the United States of making as many mines as any one firm in this western country. Both men had been thoroughly trained for their work, Mr. Loftus having had seventeen years of experience. Some of their big ventures were the Block Five lease on the Sandstorm, under-

J. P. LOFTUS

taken November 23, 1904; the purchase and development of 100 acres of land comprising the property of the Bullfrog Gold Bar Mining Company, four miles from Rhyolite; the Great Bend Mining Company near Diamondfield, in January, 1906, and the Round Mountain Mining Company in March, 1906. The latter property was secured in conjunction with J. P. Sweeney, J. S. Cook and Louis Gordon.

For the accommodation of the News Publishing Company, of which Mr. Loftus is said to own the control, he has planned and constructed at a cost of $100,000, the News Building at the corner of Crook and Columbia streets, and as president of the Montezuma Club the work of planning and constructing the new home of that organization has been entrusted to him. There is hardly a large business enterprise of merit in which he has not a finger.

A word concerning the man: Mr. Loftus has a serene and manly disposition that inspires confidence. He has an intellectual forehead, a keen, penetrating eye, and a rugged, honest face. He stands for what is right and honorable, and his remarkable success is so justly merited that not even a business rival would attempt to detract from it.

Mrs. Loftus, before her marriage, was Gertrude Portia Hopkins. Their boy was the first baby in Goldfield. Many successful men are prone to take all the credit for their achievements to themselves, but Mr. Loftus is not of that class. Speaking reminiscently of his work, he pays a loving tribute to the woman whose constant words of encouragement have upheld and supported him even in times of apparent adversity, and to her he attributes in great part that "measure of success" which he modestly admits he has attained.

## JAMES R. DAVIS

ONE of the ablest men in the business of mining in Nevada is James R. Davis, of the firm of Loftus & Davis. Few men in the state have so many producing mines to their credit. There are those who go even farther and say there is no man who has such infallible judgment and intuition in choosing properties. As proof of this are six producing mines in the Loftus-Davis combination, every one of which is the result of his judgment in the matter of location and purchase.

Jim Davis got his education and equipment in the field. He landed in Goldfield without a dollar, but with fifteen years of more or less successful mining work back of him. He was born in Kansas thirty-three years ago, and began mining when he was still a boy. Mr. Davis went from Colorado to Goldfield with the first rush, and from the start his operations were successful. His first fortunate venture was the location and discovery of the Sandstorm Bonanza, which gave him the name of Sandstorm Davis. In the early days of this mine's history a quarter of a million dollars were taken out. When the excitement of Bullfrog lured many of the Goldfield men to try their luck in the southern camps, he prospected there and secured 100 acres of rich mineral ground which is now the property of the Bullfrog Gold Bar Mining Company, one of the most promising of that district. This property has nearly four millions blocked out, and with the completion of a mill will become a great wealth producer. Mr. Davis has always had active management of it.

JAMES R. DAVIS

Following the selection of the property in Bullfrog, Mr. Davis secured the property of the Great Bend Mining Company near Diamondfield. At this time the property was undeveloped, but now the company has extensive workings. Much high grade ore has already been shipped. Next, following, was the purchase of the Round Mountain Sunnyside Mine, the original bonanza of that country. Mr. Davis went there first in March, 1906, when the Manhattan excitement was at its height. From this mine have come the richest specimens ever seen in Nevada, and it has produced in bullion at the rate of $50,000 a month. The last and what promises to be greatest of all, is the Nevada Hills, in which he is one of the principal owners, and in the short time Mr. Davis has been interested in this property, the progress has been so marvelous that it is believed it will be not only the greatest mine of the Fairview district, but one of the greatest in the entire state.

Mr. Davis directed the affairs of the Combination Fraction, ground which has already produced three hundred thousand dollars. He was instrumental in turning the great Combination into the big merger at four million dollars, which gives himself and Mr. Loftus a substantial interest in the merger and makes him a director in the Consolidated. He has an eighth interest in the quarter-million-dollar Goldfield hotel, and is connected with various other enterprises, which are making of Goldfield a city instead of a camp.

A mining venture that has the stamp of approval of James R. Davis upon it is sure of hearty supporters, and the name of Loftus & Davis is one to conjure by. As a man Mr. Davis is honored by all who know him. He is quiet and reserved, except to those who know him best.

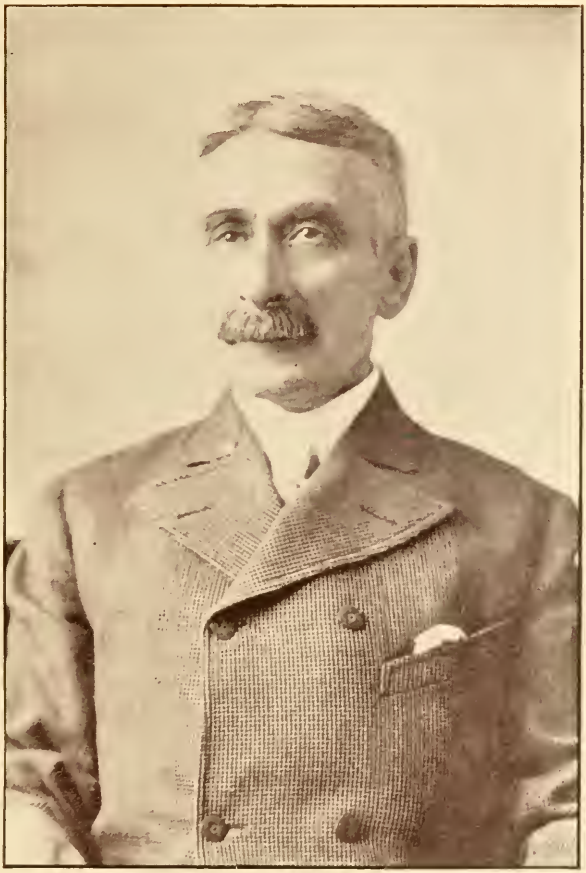
## THOMAS G. LOCKHART

HERE is an unassuming, quiet-mannered man in Nevada who does not talk much of himself or what he is doing, but he is the man to keep your eye on. His name is Thomas Lockhart and he has done things in the mining country that have made the population of Nevada and the West stand attention. The story of how Tom Lockhart picked up a fortune that other men had passed by is a tale of the desert that will never grow old. Here it is:

Born in New Jersey, he came West when a young man to work as a brakeman on the Union Pacific Railroad, but the lure of mining soon drew him away from his railroad occupation and twenty years ago he began prospecting. He was in Pioche when Tonopah was discovered.

Tom Lockhart is not superstitious. He will back good sense and sound judgment against prejudice at any time, and he showed this by locating thirteen claims on Friday. Future developments have led him to believe that Friday is his lucky day and thirteen his fortune-bringing number. He sold his claims in Tonopah and made his first big stake. At the beginning of the excitement in Goldfield he threw his sleeping blankets on a freighter and started for the new camp. He bought several good claims, among them being a half interest in the Florence, believed by many to be the richest mine in the section.

When Lockhart first went to Tonopah he was under a grubstake contract to A. D. Parker, of Denver. When he paid $5,000 for his interest in the Florence the "wise ones" stood by and addressed him as "Mr. Easymark" and



THOMAS G. LOCKHART

other terms of a similar import. But Lockhart went to Denver and inquired if Parker wanted to "come in" on the purchase. Parker did, and the property has been producing good round dollars ever since.

Mr. Lockhart owns the Red Rock and the Fissure group, which he bought soon after he made the purchase of the Florence. He is holding the ground, which, in his opinion, is marvelously rich and which he would not dispose of for a million dollars. He is president of the Jumbo Extension and owns a controlling interest in the property.

Proving that Tom Lockhart was destined to make a fortune in spite of all obstacles is the story of his partial venture into the realms of the brokerage business. He staked a broker on the proposition that the latter knew the brokerage business, while Lockhart understood the mining feature. The broker proceeded to lose $20,000 for Mr. Lockhart, and the only thing he had to offer in lieu of this large sum of good money was a block of Jumbo Extension stock, considered at that time a rank wild-cat proposition. But quiet Tom Lockhart said nothing, just looked over the property of Jumbo extension and began to buy more stock. Once more he drew on himself the ridicule of those who thought they knew, but a little thing like that did not deter him in the least. Now he could convert his holdings into cash for several million dollars.

Throughout his operations Mr. Lockhart has had the confidence and backing of A. D. Parker, vice-president of the Colorado & Southern Railroad.

Lockhart is a "rough and ready" type of person. He has been described as a quiet, unspoiled man who, notwithstanding his successful quest of fortune, is still the same careful little man he was when living on a grub-stake.

## GEORGE WINGFIELD

ESS than thirty years of age and called the Napoleon of Nevada finance, is George Wingfield, vice-president of the famous Goldfield Consolidated, partner of United States Senator George S. Nixon, and one of the most widely known mining men in the world today.

George Wingfield's fortune and his name as a mining man have been made by himself—the result of good business judgment, ability to handle men, untiring energy, and to quote an admiring old prospector, "durn fool luck."

Most of the early part of George Wingfield's life was spent in Oregon, where he ran the gamut, tackling almost every kind of occupation known to the man of the frontier town from punching cattle up and down the line.

He was in Nevada before the days of the sensational gold discoveries in Tonopah, and went to that camp from Winnemucca. He was practically without money when he landed in Tonopah, and it was there that he made his first winning. He was always ready to take a chance, and the Goddess of Luck, fickle goddess to so many, seemed to be bestowing her bounty on him.

Fresh from financial successes in Tonopah, he arrived in Goldfield and plunged into the game. Like many others who have won fame and fortune in the gold land, he made his first Goldfield money from a block of Florence ground, and later the Mohawk, the Kendall, the Sandstorm, and several others of the winners contributed their quota to his bank account. The money that he put into the camp came back to him many fold. Linked with his

GEORGE WINGFIELD

name became that of the Mohawk, and Mohawk has been the magical word wherever men knew of the existence of Nevada.

It was in the big merger which made the great Consolidated of some of the best properties in Goldfield, that the executive ability of George Wingfield came to the surface. What men had guessed about him before, they proved; today his business moves command the admiration of Nevada.

The Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, known in the parlance of the mining man and the stock broker as "The Consolidated," controls the Mohawk, Red Top, January, Jumbo, and Laguna, and Mr. Wingfield and his associates always keep on the alert for other properties. It is a five million dollar corporation, and is almost as famous abroad as it is at home. The Mohawk alone has produced more gold in less time from the smallest acreage of ground, than any mine in the world. Ten million dollars in eight months tells the story in language that is substantial—all from a block of ground less than three acres in size.

And the Mohawk is only one of the properties of the Consolidated.

## A. D. MYERS

TO two men, Al Myers and Tom Murphy, Goldfield owes her present location—and this is not more than one little part of what she owes to these same men.

Possessed of blankets and burros and and bacon bought with money borrowed from friends in Tonopah, these two partners went into what is now the heart of the Goldfield district. Went and saw and conquered, made a fortune and paved the way for many men to reap golden harvests.

Al Myers had been working around Tonopah looking for the golden opportunity but not finding it, when he suddenly made up his mind that he would go farther afield, and see what fortune would do for him. He started out with high hopes, but little did he guess how great would be the fulfillment of them.

Everyone who has ever heard of Goldfield knows the result of that trip. Everyone who has ever heard of Goldfield knows of the Mohawk, and the names of Al Myers and the Mohawk are almost synonymous.

The Mohawk made Goldfield famous. Even before the Mohawk there was the Combination Fraction, which was sold to L. L. Patrick for $75,000, and made a fortune for Mr. Patrick and his associates. Other claims were located which are now worth millions of dollars.

Al Myers' first camp was at Rabbit Springs, and every morning he and his partner struck off over the sage-brush for the diggings. Always they had their eyes open for developable water, and when they saw signs of it at what is now the corner of Main and Myers streets, Goldfield, they dug a well. Around this well the town of Goldfield

A. D. MYERS

was built. When news of the strike which these two prospectors made went out to the world and brought other money-seeking men from Tonopah and various other sections of the country, the new-comers pitched their tents around the well.

Al Myers has made a fortune for himself and fortunes for many other men. He sold the bulk of his interest in Mohawk when that stock was less than one-fourth the figure at which it was later quoted, and even at that he made a fortune from it. Today he has interests all over the state, and he still sticks close to mining. He is generally loved by all who know him, square to the core, good-hearted, genial, vigorous, strong and generous. He has the spirit of the gambler, and is willing to take long chances, but he also has a good business head, and in his case the combination has been a happy one.

Mr. Myers spends much of his time in Goldfield, and has a beautiful home at Long Beach, near Los Angeles, where he counts his friends in almost as great numbers as in Nevada.

## J. H. MACMILLAN

ASK anyone who is the best good fellow in Goldfield and "Harry Macmillan," will be the name you will hear. It is just as Harry or "Mac" that those who love him know him. Mr. Macmillan says that he has but one thing in his life to be proud of, and that he is the son of his father. Judge J. H. Macmillan, Sr., was for many years leader of the Democratic party in Nevada, and a man of power; he was an attorney who occupied the front rank in his profession, but was also interested in mining, so his son inherited his taste for it.

Harry Macmillan was born in Unionville, a mining camp of early days, sixty miles from the present camp of Rosebud. He is a reformed newspaper man. He was news editor of the Anaconda Standard in Montana for several years and edited the first Goldfield daily paper. Before long his mining interests became so heavy it was necessary for him to leave the paper.

He and his associates now control the Chipmunk Gold-mining Company, of Manhattan; the Original Green-water Gold Mining Company; the Mohawk Jumbo Lease Company of Goldfield, and the Mohawk Kewana Lease Company of Goldfield.

The pronounced success of The J. H. Macmillan Co. promotions and the Mohawk Jumbo Lease Company, one of the heaviest producers of the Goldfield District, has been most gratifying to all who have been connected with it. The leasers struck high grade ore on March 17, 1907, and the mine has continued a production of $250,000 a month since that time. Mr. Macmillan is associated with

J. H. MACMILLAN

George B. Holleran in the organization known as The J. H. Macmillan Company and the Mohawk-Jumbo Lease Company, and is interested with Malcolm L. Macdonald in various mining adventures.

Mr. Macmillan is one of the most successful young business men in Nevada. He has the biggest heart imaginable, the kindest smile, the most cordial handclasp, and the greatest capacity for finding little things to do to make other people happy. His "streak of Yellow Journalism," as his friends call his big touring car, is always in use where it will give most pleasure.

It was in February, 1905, that Harry Macmillan first arrived in Goldfield, and at that time he had little thought for anything but newspaper work, though a thorough knowledge of mining gained in his boyhood days served him well when he finally determined to devote all his attention to the search for the magic metal. There are none who begrudge Harry Macmillan the success which he has earned. He did much to spread the good tidings about the camp when it was a very young infant, and since he has gone out of the newspaper field he has not forgotten the boosting habit. "The old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction" has always been his policy concerning Goldfield, and he believes that the best thing which can be done for Nevada is to tell the truth about her mines.

## GEORGE B. HOLLERAN

BOUT twelve years ago in an Idaho town a group of young men were gathered around a table in a German rathskeller winding up a busy day with a little jollification. Two old prospectors, tired and cold and penniless, walked into the place and dropped their packs on the floor. They stood in one corner of the room alone and looked decidedly down on their luck.

One young fellow noticing their dejected and worn faces offered a cheery greeting to them to join the party. He did not guess that invitation would change the whole course of his life work, but such was the case. George B. Holleran from that day became a miner. So touched were the men by the cordial greeting at a time when the whole world seemed to be trying to see how hard it could kick them, that they became fast friends of Mr. Holleran. He was in the government land office at that time, and he began his mining operations from that point at first, but later gave up all other work to devote his attention to the ever fascinating search for gold.

He mined in various parts of Idaho for several years, and when he came to Goldfield it was to look after some interests acquired while still in Idaho. In payment of a debt he received the lease on the Mohawk-Jumbo, which has since made a fortune for himself and Harry McMillan of the J. H. McMillan Company, and the two men became partners. Mr. Macmillan says that the heavy product and excellent returns of this lease are due entirely to the management of George B. Holleran, who with Superintendent Bob Dooley made it possible for the lease to pay its heavy dividend.

GEORGE B. HOLLERAN

## DR. DELOS ASHLEY TURNER

HERE are few men who know the actual hardships of pioneer life in a mining camp as does the camp physician. He fights every form of disease under conditions that are almost impossible to combat.

Dr. Delos Ashley Turner went to Goldfield with the vanguard. He opened an office in a tent and from there he traveled all over the southern section of the district to bring help to sick miners and their families. He has ridden on horseback over sixty miles many a night to save some sick prospector. He is a young man in love with his work, full of energy; possessed of a big heart, of frank, blunt nature which has made him some enemies and won him more friends than any one in camp, and six feet five inches of stature.

The son of a Nevada pioneer, he was born in Pioche, Lincoln County, December 9, 1878.

His boyhood days were spent in that old mining camp and from there he went to the University of Illinois, where he graduated in 1901. He became railroad surgeon for the Oregon Short Line for a brief time and later surgeon for the Salt Lake Road with jurisdiction over Utah and Nevada. He has been County Physician since December, 1904, and has had charge of the County Hospital since that was organized. In February, 1905, he was made District Health Officer, and upon organization of the County Board of Health, he became its president.

All the time he has been engaged in practicing Dr. Turner has been interested in mining, and many a prospector has looked to him for a grubstake.

Photo by Viola Frank Gould

DR. DELOS ASHLEY TURNER

## DR. W. K. ROBINSON

IT MAY be a far cry from the practice of medicine to the successful operation of large mining properties, but Dr. W. K. Robinson has taken the step with a leap and a bound, and he has landed on level ground. "Little Florence" Robinson, as the big doctor has been called by his friends since the Little Florence Lease has been turning out a fortune for him, had no intention of becoming a miner a few years ago. He was born in Baltimore in 1870, and was graduated from the Maryland University, later doing post-graduate work in Johns Hopkins. The practice of his profession led him to Denver, and like most of the other men who go into a mining country, he had not been long there before he became interested in ore properties all over Colorado. From Denver he came to Goldfield early in the spring of 1905, and for a brief time it was to medicine that the doctor devoted all his energy. Here, as in Colorado, the thought of the golden treasure hidden in the hills lured him to the search for it, and he turned his attention to leasing. With George Vickers as his associate he secured a lease from Tom Lockhart on Florence ground and organized the Little Florence Mining Company, of which he is vice-president and manager with Mr. Vickers. This property has been producing $100,000 a week. Day and night 150 men have been working underground and the leasers' record has been one that will long be remembered in the history of Nevada. Dr. Robinson is also president of the Victor Wonder Company at Wonder, Nevada, and was organizer of the Mohawk Florence Company and the Iron Cap in the Montezuma District.

DR. W. K. ROBINSON

## W. H. CLARK

OLDFIELD'S five hundred residents in August, 1904, remember an animal resembling a horse, harnessed to a rough wooden cart with ropes and bailing wire, and driven by a genial man with a kindly smile fringed with gray whiskers and a head not overstocked with hair. The man came among them unheralded, set up his little tent and went to work. Each morning he started off over the hills and each evening he returned to cook his potatoes. Some wit noticing his beard called him "Dad," and "Dad" he has remained ever since. Clark is his name and W. H. were his initials which served to identify him in Colorado, Idaho and Utah where he mined for twenty years before coming to Goldfield. In Goldfield they will have nothing but "Dad" Clark.

That was three years ago. Today, the little old cart is not, and the tent and the whiskers have also been relegated to the resting place of antiquities.

The erstwhile owner of them is considered one of the most prominent operators of the state. He has made money ever since his first day in the sagebrush land. With some of the very best properties in the district his name is identified, and his run of good luck has been long and strong.

Mr. Clark believes that the man who mines must take the gambler's chance. He plays for high stakes and works on the theory that for every success there must be many failures. He was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1862 and his boyhood days were spent in that section of the country.

W. H. CLARK

## L. L. PATRICK

THE story of the purchase of the famous Combination Mine and the story of the advent of L. L. Patrick into Goldfield are one and the same—a story that only a second Goldfield could duplicate.

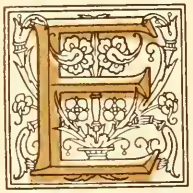
It was in 1902 that L. L. Patrick first set foot on Nevada soil, landing in Tonopah almost at the beginning of the excitement there, later going to Goldfield with the makers of the camp. On October 9, 1904, Mr. Patrick secured an option on the Combination Mine from Al Myers, T. D. Murphy and Harry Ramsey. The Chicago backers were slow putting up their money, and in the meantime Mr. Patrick went to George Wingfield and T. L. Oddie and made an arrangement by which they were to take it up. Another person learning the value of the mine, approached both these men with a proposition to cut the wires and throw the option into their hands. They refused, and one hour before the money was due the first $5000 arrived. Within thirty days enough ore had been taken out to pay the full $75,000; to set $80,000 aside for development and to pay the first dividend. Since then the mine has paid $1,000,000 in dividends, and when sold to the Consolidated brought $5,000,000.

L. L. Patrick, who was born in St. Louis, brought to Nevada an education gained in the Washington University and School of Mines, supplemented by much active mining experience.

He has been prominent from the start in the development of Goldfield, and today is interested in the Bullfrog National Bank, Diamondfield Black Butte, Consolidated and many other properties.

L. L. PATRICK

## MILTON M. DETCH



VERYBODY boost; nobody knock, has been the motto of Goldfield from the day of its inception, and a prince of boosters is Milton M. Detch, of the law firm of Detch & Carney. There has not been a single movement for the betterment of the camp and its interests in which Milton Detch has not played a part, and in most of them he has been the leader. He came to Goldfield from Colorado in the early days of the camp, opened his office in a tent, used a cracker box for a chair, fried his bacon on a sheet-iron camp stove over a bunch of sagebrush, and washed his tin cup as did the other men of the time.

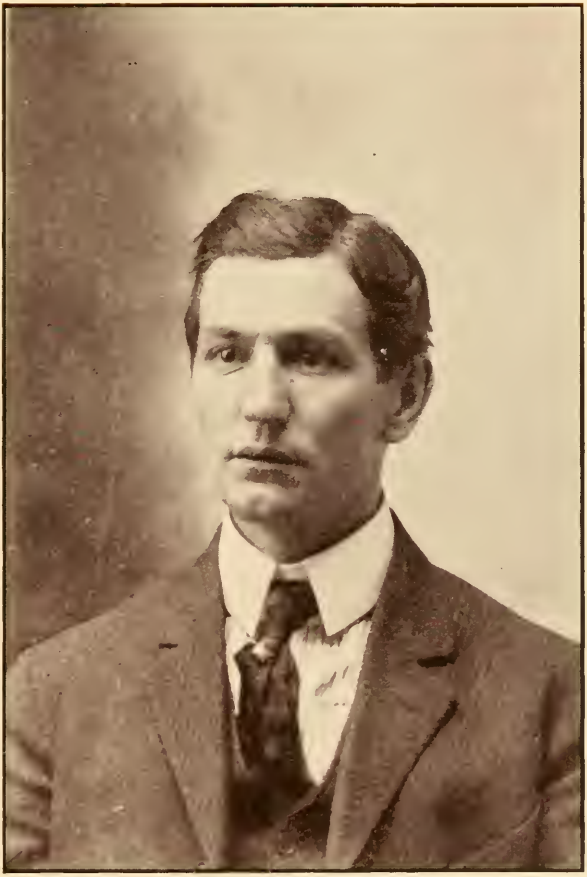
There had not long been mines in Goldfield before there came litigation, and Milton Detch and his partner, Pat Carney, were early on hand to do their share in settling the disputes. Mr. Detch started the Goldfield Board of Trade, which later became the Goldfield Chamber of Commerce, and was one of the originators of the Goldfield Mining Stock Exchange. When social life became a necessity for the men of the camp he helped to bring them together to form the Montezuma Club, which is now known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was one of those who took a prominent part in forming the Goldfield Volunteer Fire Department, which has many times saved the town from destruction. Nature seems to have endowed him with a capacity for organizing and directing the affairs of men, and he has brought a large amount of money into the camp for investment. He is accounted by all a jolly good fellow, and visitors from all parts of the world have enjoyed his hospitality and gone away praising Goldfield.

MILTON M. DETCH

## HENRY WEBER

NTO the state on a brakebeam, and out again in a big touring car gives the entre and exit of Henry Weber. It only hints at all that must have passed in the interim, nor would a dozen pages of "Who's Who" suffice to tell the whole truth. Since then Henry Weber has written the name of Goldfield upon the Atlantic coast and upon the Pacific, and he has left a trail of Boosters for Nevada, all across the continent. He is one of the men who has helped to place the camp on the map in letters of gold, and he will help to keep her there.

It was in the early days of Goldfield that he came with the first big rush from Tonopah. He had in the few years of his life done almost everything that a self-respecting, adventurous and energetic young man could do, so the life on the desert was no new thing to him. He saw a great field of opportunities before him, and he stretched out his hand and gathered them in. In the early days he was associated with Marvin Ish and later promoted several successes for himself—witness thereof, the Atlanta, Goldfield Oro, Great Bend Annex, and many others. Henry Weber was born in Wisconsin, and has tried the mining game in nearly every state in the West. Today his interests are not confined to Goldfield, but are scattered in every direction. He is an energetic young man with a personality that makes friends rapidly, and wins the confidence of business associates.



HENRY WEBER

## J. F. DOUGLAS

PROMINENT among the factors which change a sagebrush waste into a hustling, bustling mining city, is the hotel man. Some men are born successful hotel men, and others are made so by long years of experience, but J. F. Douglas, lawyer, miner, manager of the new Goldfield hotel, and one of the most popular fellows in camp, became a hotel man by chance.

Mr. Douglas was born in Franktown, Nev. He received his college education at Berkeley, read law in California, and in the winter of 1905 came to Goldfield and began the practice of his profession.

When the old Goldfield hotel became involved in February, 1906, Mr. Douglas was attorney for the bank to which the hotel company was in debt. He bought the hotel himself, and managed it with much success until the following November when it was reduced to ruin by fire.

The fire only served to stimulate Mr. Douglas to larger efforts and he interested seven capitalists in a plan to build a hotel to cost not less than a quarter of a million dollars. Work on this building was begun December 1, 1906, and the opening date was set for Christmas day of the following year.

The hotel is built of stone and brick, four stories high, and has two hundred rooms. The furniture was purchased in Chicago at a cost of $40,000. The house is provided with all the modern conveniences to be found in a hotel on Broadway, New York, and is considered one of the marvels of the desert.

The young hotel manager is a member of the law firm of Pyne & Douglas, and is also secretary and treasurer of the Combination Fraction Mining Company.

J. F DOUGLAS

## J. C. McCORMACK

LEAVING Boulder, Colorado, and a comfortable home in the midst of pleasant scenes, and surrounded by loyal friends, but bringing with him an extensive and successful mining experience gained in Cripple Creek, Mexico, and other places, J. C. McCormack joined the pioneer colony at Goldfield while the town was yet in the primeval state.

His transplanted success began almost immediately to bring forth fruit. Those were the days in which transactions, involving thousands, were made 'twixt morn and noon, but he had been in mining camps before, in the heyday of their beginning, and understood the value of time.

Having quickly made his place as a mining man secure in Goldfield, when, in a few weeks the discoveries at Rhyolite beckoned the argonauts of fortune to come on, he was in the rush and secured by purchase some of the most valuable properties there.

With the galvanizing into new life of Nevada, and the rich discoveries in many places, he worked fast, and with unerring judgment, and became interested in nearly all of the new camps of the state, including Goldfield, Rhyolite, Transvaal, Gold Mountain, Ramsay, and Fairview.

Mr. McCormack was to the manner born, and is by instinct and training, a mine worker, and a captain of men; commanding in appearance and easily a leader among his fellows; splendid in executive ability, he obtains the hearty good-will of the men employed. A suite of offices are maintained in the Nixon building, at Goldfield. His home on Crook street, is one of simple elegance and genial hospitality.

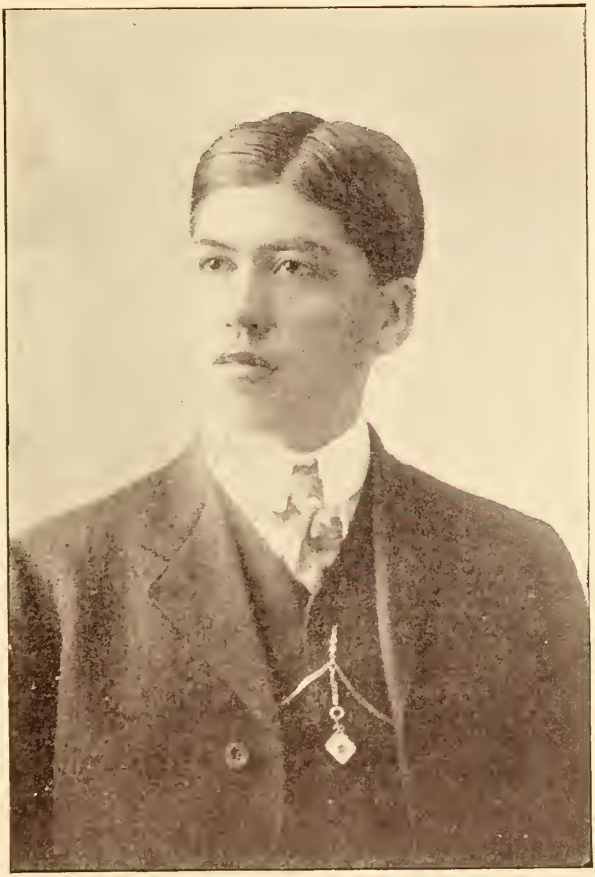
J. C. McCORMACK

Photo by Palace Studio

## HARRY C. STIMLER

THE man who discovered Goldfield is Harry Stimler. No more interesting story can be imagined than that of this young seeker of fortune. He was born in Belmont less than thirty years ago, and to date his life has been spent along the frontier. He was one of the first men in Tonopah when the rush to that camp began, and realizing that food probably would be scarce he hauled overland a big wagon-load of provisions. This he distributed to the hungry miners. If they could pay, well and good; if not, they were fed anyway. He staked a number of claims, prospected, dug with pick, suffered with the rest, but always there remained with him the determination to win. As Tonopah expanded he believed there was wealth to the south. Accompanied by William Marsh, he started for the land of promise and camped on the side of Columbia Mountain. From the rich outcroppings they saw, the men judged there must be wealth untold. The Sandstorm Mine is the result. Harry Stimler collected some samples, had them assayed in Tonopah, and the report confirmed his early judgment. In December, 1902, he staked the Sandstorm, May Queen, Nevada Boy and Columbia Mountain.

From that time until today Harry Stimler has been one of the most indefatigable workers in Nevada. His operations have been extended to other sections and his financial returns have been large. A less energetic man would have given up in despair before the obstacles that have confronted him.



HARRY C. STIMLER

## C. B. HIGGINSON

B. HIGGINSON, partner of Harry Stimler's in the firm of Stimler & Higginson, brokers and promoters, is from Missouri, originally. Being a native of the "show me" state he has something of that element in his character, but while willing to be "shown" at all times, he has been even more successful in "showing" others how fortunes are made in Nevada. He is essentially a miner. His experience has been wide and varied and he knows the mineral belts of the western country as well as any man. He is a pioneer in the Goldfield and Tonopah districts, and has located and developed many rich claims. He was in Delamar at the time of the rush to Tonopah, and came in a hurry when he heard the news. After the discovery of Goldfield he was soon on the ground and staked part of the Jumbo Extension, Gold Bar, Simerone, Vernal, Black Butte, and other promising claims.

His extensive interests in many rich groups have brought him wealth and fame, and he has made it possible for others to reap a golden harvest.

The firm of Stimler & Higginson has been back of some of the fine properties in the state. Associated with them at various times have been notable figures in the development of Nevada, among them James L. Butler, discoverer of the Tonopah mines, and J. C. Humphrey, discoverer of Manhattan.

The firm's interests have extended over the greater part of the southern end of the state: Goldfield, Manhattan, Bullfrog, Tonopah, Palmetto, Silver Peak, Kawich Mountains, Wild Horse, Death Valley Milletts, and Clifford.

C. B. HIGGINSON

## A. A. CODD

OLDFIELD'S wonderful growth from a struggling mining camp to a city has not been at the expense of the cause of education. Here has been built up a system of schools the equal of any in other towns of its size, and this is due in great part to one man, A. A. Codd, deputy district mining recorder, prominent broker, and clerk of the board of education. It is not in educational work alone that Mr. Codd's influence for good has been felt in Goldfield, but in all lines of action that make for the betterment of the community.

Mr. Codd is a native son of California, and spent the early part of his life in the land of oranges, attending the public schools of Riverside and later taking a thorough business course in Stockton. From 1900 to 1904 he was head cashier for the San Francisco branch of Studebaker Bros. manufacturing company.

His advent into Goldfield was made late in 1904 upon the invitation of his old friend and college chum, Claude M. Smith, who had been the district mining recorder of the Goldfield district since its organization in 1903. Mr. Codd was appointed chief deputy and since that time he has been the deputy district mining recorder of Goldfield, the largest mining district in the United States. During the years 1904-5 fifty to seventy-five location certificates a day were not unusual records. He is one of the most reliable brokers of Goldfield.

Mr. Codd was married to Miss Susan R. Patterson, of Stockton, in 1897, and their cosy Goldfield home is the center of a charming life.

A. A. CODD

## JOHN TILTON DONNELLAN

THE eastern tenderfoot who comes West expecting to find in the mining camps little civilization and few men of education has a surprise in store for him. There is no city in America of the same size as Goldfield or Tonopah which has so many college-bred men, and the marvelous growth of all the mining camps of Southern Nevada is a good argument in favor of a college education. That a man is better and more efficient with a college education than he would be without it seems to be proved by the efficiency of Goldfield citizens, where the college men are among the leaders in everything.

John Donnellan, a Harvard graduate with the class of '93, is typical of this class. He brought with him to Goldfield a trained mind and athletic physique and a consequent amount of energy and a determination to succeed. In Salt Lake, where he lived for a time after his graduation, he was in the brokerage business, and it was natural that he should take up the same line of work in Goldfield. He opened a brokerage office, installed a private wire between Goldfield and San Francisco, and soon had a very large following. He promoted the Golden Sceptre Mining Company, the St. Ives and several other properties of well known reputation. He and his associate, J. C. Robertson, formerly of Norfolk, Virginia, are also interested in Fairview, Wonder, Yerington, Round Mountain and Ramsey. They let no opportunity pass to gain a good property, and their success has resulted in their gaining the confidence of those who have had deals with them.

John Donnellan is one of the most popular men in Goldfield. He is a big, manly fellow, loved and honored by his associates.

JOHN TILTON DONNELLAN

## WALTER CORBALEY STONE

ALTER STONE is considerable of a hustler. This may be due in part to some of his early experiences in Goldfield. Before his achievements are related it is fitting to tell of his entry to Goldfield and what befell him on his arrival. In 1904 he took a trip to Tonopah during his vacation. He decided to go on to Goldfield, but as the stage bookings were all filled weeks ahead, there was nothing to do but walk, which he did. He piled his blankets on a freight wagon and "hiked." When he reached the townsite of Goldfield he cut away the sagebrush and pitched his tent. Along came one of the future industries of the town looking for a site, and Mr. Stone obligingly moved his tent to another location, again cut away the sagebrush and pitched his canvas. Came another enterprise looking for a location, Mr. Stone moved. Again he pitched his tent, and again he moved out of the path of progress. After the fourth attempt to find a camping place in the town, he said, "Me for the hilltops," and betook himself to the heights. But by some chance along came the water company and decided that Stone's location on the hill was the best place in that part of the country for a water tank. Always obliging, he moved again and thereafter was left in peace.

After leaving the hill he bought a lot on the main street of Goldfield and erected a building. He went into the mercantile business, opening the Exploration Mercantile Company, which he still controls. One of his first mining ventures was to secure a controlling interest in the Kalfus Lease. He is an Elk and a Shriner and a prince of good fellows.

Photo by Viola Frank Gould

WALTER C. STONE

## WEBB H. PARKINSON

NERGETIC young brokers have done much to make Goldfield the best known mining camp in the world today. Among these are few more energetic than Webb H. Parkinson, who is the Goldfield Investment Company. Webb Parkinson came to Goldfield first in 1904, and at that time the pick and the pan were his implements of trade. He came on a prospecting trip and had little idea of entering the brokerage business. He was born in Fort Worth, Texas, but spent his boyhood days in Colorado, so he was early associated with mining. While he was too young to work, he watched the miners and listened to their gold-hunting stories. When he was fifteen he went into the mines and he worked through Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico until he went to Goldfield.

In the fall of 1905 he decided to give up manual labor, and looked around for a wedge by which he might break into the brokerage business. The Goldfield Investment Company was the result, and though in the beginning Mr. Parkinson was not the whole company he soon became so. He is one of the most energetic traders on the exchange and he has been one of the combatants in many memorable word battles on the floor.

He holds the controlling interest in the Florence Extension, Black Butte Extension, Black Butte Bonanza, Goldfield Midnight Pawnee, the Ruby Gold Mining Company, and the George Washington. He has branch offices in San Francisco, Stockton, Chicago, Los Angeles and New York. He is a director in the Goldfield Mining Stock Exchange and also holds a seat on the San Francisco Exchange.

WEBB H. PARKINSON

## HARRY W. BOYER

THE wanderlust that drives soldiers of fortune across the seven seas and to the far corners of the earth, not infrequently directs them to Nevada, the land of promise—and fulfillment. To this fact Harry W. Boyer, of the firm of Boyer, Thomas & Co., can bear witness. The story of his travels before he came to Goldfield is a recital of ups and downs in a manly struggle for success that might well adorn a fiction page.

An Ohioan, born in Bryan, Williams County, July 2, 1862, Mr. Boyer graduated from high school and normal college before he went to Leadville, Colo., in 1880. He clerked for a year in a general merchandise store and a year later went to New Mexico, where he began mining. Florida called him in 1885, and with his partner he bought a big orange plantation and other extensive holdings. Frosts in 1886-7 injured crops and decreased the value of all real estate. Realizing what he could on his property he resumed mining with varying success in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, being located in the Cœur d'Alene district for eight years. Longing again for the West, he went direct to Old Mexico.

Five years later the rush to Tonopah and Goldfield acted as a call of the wild and summoned him from the land of the Montezumas. He reached Goldfield in August, 1904,

Mr. Boyer owns mining properties in Yerington, Luning, Bullfrog District, Greenwater, Lida, Silver Peak, and last but by no means least in Goldfield and the immediate vicinity.

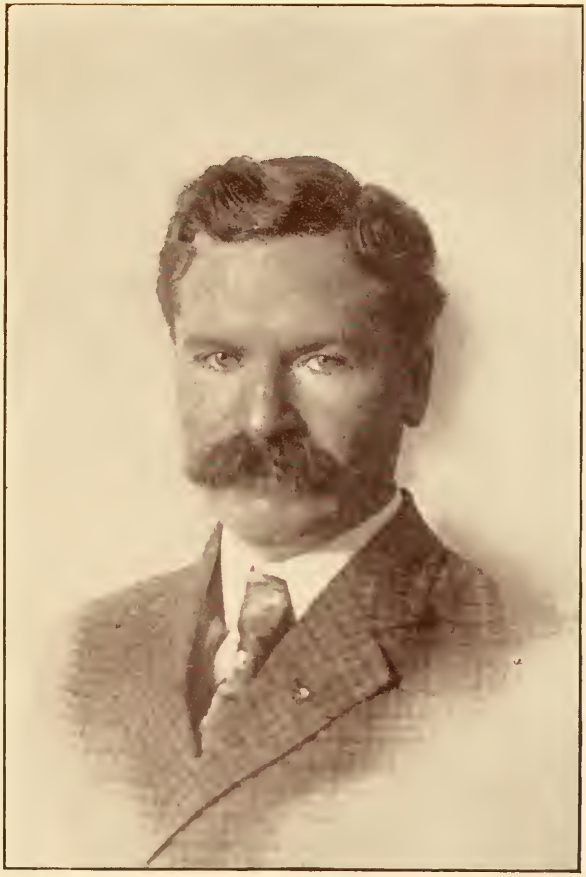


Photo by Viola Frank Gould

HARRY W. BOYER

## EVANS WHITCOMB THOMAS

NEVADA, as a gold producer, has a world-wide reputation. This is due in great part to enterprising men who have proclaimed far and wide the opportunities for investment in this state. A man who believes thoroughly in Nevada and its possibilities is Evans Whitcomb Thomas, of Boyer, Thomas & Co.

Mr. Thomas originally came from the East as did many others quick to see the advantages of the West. He was born in Dixon, Illinois, March 19, 1860, and was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1882. From 1884 to 1891 Mr. Thomas held positions as cashier or president of national banks in South Dakota, Texas and Louisiana. The East called him later, and he traveled between London and New York from 1891 to 1894, being connected with big banking houses in the two great cities. He was appointed commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1889, and from 1899 to 1906 he was in the banking and brokerage business in Philadelphia.

Fitted by such an active career for big undertakings, Mr. Thomas came to Reno, Nev., in November, 1902. From there he journeyed through Carson City, Hawthorne, and Candelaria to Silver Peak, arriving in Goldfield May, 1906. He was married in July, 1901, to Miss Helene Lucas, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Mr. Thomas is interested in properties at Lida, Silver Peak, Yerington and other sections. The firm has offices in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Goldfield, and close connections with European capitalists.

E. W. THOMAS

Photo by Viola Frank Gould

## H. B. LIND

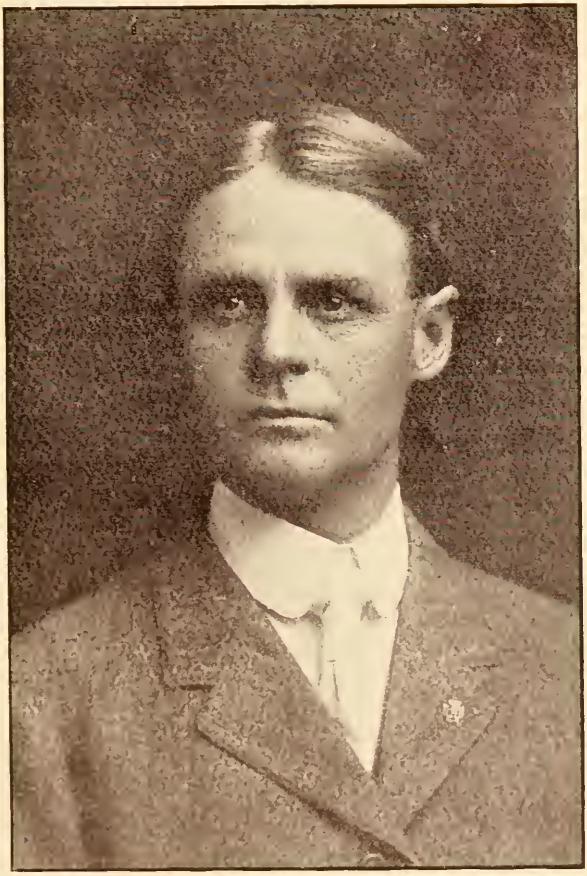
EN come to Goldfield for many things. Lawyers come ostensibly for the practice of their profession, but sooner or later catch the gold fever and thereafter there is little but mining for them.

H. B. Lind is such a man. Mr. Lind came to Goldfield equipped for the practice of law. He studied in Lake Forest University in Illinois, and practiced actively for six years in Chicago. When he arrived in Goldfield in the pioneer days he came with the intention of continuing in his profession, but he soon took down his shingle and began to take advantage of the opportunities around him in the mining world. Since that time to the credit of his name as a mining man and the gratification of his purse, numerous successful mining deals have been promoted by him.

As organizer of the General Extension Mining Company, with 110 acres of well situated claims, he made his first great mark. He organized and promoted the Vernal Mining Company of Goldfield, and later the Nevada Hills Extension Mining Company, a property adjoining the famous Nevada Hills Mine in the Fairview District. In the Rosebud Mining District, the Ubehebe Copper District and various others of the bonanza camps of Nevada he has large interests.

In the social and business life of the camp, Mr. Lind has been active since his arrival.

Always energetic, always full of faith in the camp, and always ready to do his part in helping along any work for the betterment of the community, Mr. Lind is recognized as a man whom Goldfield could not well do without.



H. B. LIND

## CHARLES R. MURDOCK

HARLES R. MURDOCK, mining engineer, speculator and mine operator, was born in Galesburg, Illinois, and graduated from Knox College with the class of '88. From there he went to California, where he entered a mining school. To gain practical experience, he worked as a miner for some of the big corporations of Butte, Nevada, Idaho and Colorado, but as the ambitious man can not work long for others, and work with contentment, he soon branched away from day labor and cast his lot with the men of the pick, who haunt the desert in their search for gold.

He arrived in Goldfield when that camp was a promising prospect. From the beginning his operations proved successful and he soon became associated with several of the men who have since become the most prominent operators of the state. When the Nevada Hills Investment Company was formed for the purpose of buying good prospects and investing in substantial stocks, Mr. Murdock was appointed manager. This company has enjoyed a remarkable success. One large dividend has already been paid and the company holds sufficient stocks at the present time to pay a second, and leave a balance in the treasury sufficient for exploration and purchase of properties.

Mr. Murdock has an intimate acquaintance with every mining camp in Nevada. Many rare opportunities present themselves to those who are informed regarding the intrinsic value of the mines and his successful speculations and investments would indicate that he has not been slow to grasp them.

CHARLES R. MURDOCK

## HAROLD BAXTER

HEN a young man realizes his education has only begun after he receives his classical and technical degrees, there is some hope for him. Desert "rats" usually smile at the superior knowledge of the youth armed with a "sheep-skin" who comes into Nevada to show the old-timers just where the gold is to be found and how it is to be removed and converted into coin. Therefore, when the exception comes along and admits he has something to learn it is as refreshing as an oasis.

Harold Baxter, a clever mining engineer, says he did not consider his education by any means complete when he was graduated from the Columbia University School of Mines. He began his active career willing to learn anything and everything he could from any and every source. Consequently he succeeded, and he is now consulting engineer for the Loftus & Davis companies. He was born in Denver, and some of his earliest work was in the newspaper business. He soon reformed and began engineering and mining. He opened a mining and engineering office in Goldfield soon after arriving there in December, 1906. It was not long before his superior abilities were recognized by Loftus & Davis, and he became connected with that firm. He is admitted to be an authority in his profession.

He is one of the busiest engineers in the district. His work keeps him almost constantly traveling from one property to another examining, estimating, and reporting on the possibilities of each.

Mr. Baxter is a young man of high ideals and has an advanced standard of professional and practical ethics.

Photo by Viola Frank Gould

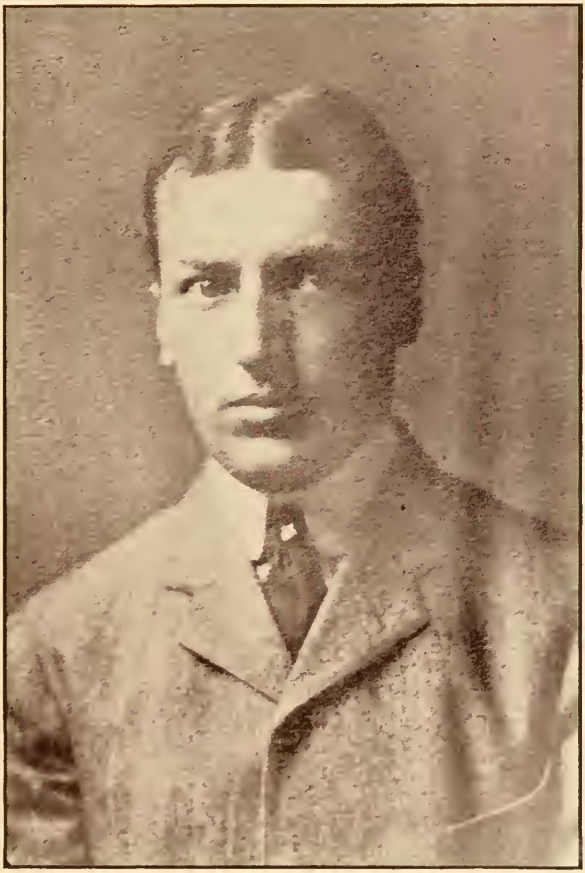
HAROLD BAXTER

## FRED J. SIEBERT

GROWN-UP Tonopah still talks of a memorable June day nearly six years ago when the infant Tonopah opened its eyes to behold a big Winton automobile come chugging into its tented precincts. Came with it also Fred J. Siebert, who was soon to be known as one of the most energetic of the young mining engineers of Southern Nevada. At that particular time it was the car which attracted the most attention, for it was the first machine that had ever braved the desert sand and sagebrush. Little did the people who turned out to witness this novel spectacle realize what an important part the machine was to play in the development of the state.

Fred Siebert was mining in Utah when the excitement in Tonopah occurred, and he went to Tonopah as the superintendent of the Tonopah & Salt Lake Company. Two months after his arrival, which was early in 1901, he took charge of the property of the famous Tonopah Mining Company and later had under his supervision the Belmont and the Jim Butler. Until March, 1904, he remained in Tonopah, at which time he went to Los Angeles to live.

Recently he again answered the call of the desert and cast his lot in Goldfield, where he has already made a place for himself in the front rank of his profession. Mr. Siebert was born in Columbus, Ohio, June 14, 1874, and was graduated from the Ohio State University with the class of '95, receiving degrees in the mining and electrical engineering departments. His first visit to Nevada was made in 1897, when he went to Austin to operate a lease on a mine.



FRED J. SIEBERT

## RUFUS C. THAYER

HE population of Goldfield is becoming decidedly cosmopolitan. Where a few years ago were to be seen canvas tents, the only buildings, and rugged prospectors, hardened and tanned by the desert wind, the only residents of the camp, now there are massive blocks, honey-combed with elaborately furnished offices, and occupied by men gathered from almost every vocation.

Among the scholarly, courtly, gentle-mannered men of Goldfield is Rufus C. Thayer, who cast his lot with Nevada and is one of the leaders of the legal fraternity. Mr. Thayer is a native of Michigan, born in Northville, January 25, 1868. He was graduated from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor in 1891 and soon afterward became principal of a high school at Manistee

He went to Colorado Springs and began the practice of law, having been admitted to the bar of Michigan before he left that state. It was the desire to expound and practice mining law that led him to come to Nevada. In Colorado his firm had enjoyed an extensive practice and was engaged in most of the important mining litigation of Cripple Creek. The firm of Thayer & Steele has offices in the Registration Trust Company's new building in Goldfield. Mr. Thayer has traveled much. He is a member of the American Bar Association, the Denver Club, the El Paso Club of Colorado Springs, the Cheyenne Mountain Country Club, and the California and Jonathan Clubs in Los Angeles. He is not of the bombastic type, but a quiet, courteous American gentleman.

RUFUS C. THAYER

Photo by Viola Frank Gould

## GILBERT STANTON JOHNSON

ILBERT STANTON JOHNSON, a successful mining broker of Goldfield, is one of the youngest men prominent in the business life of Nevada. And even at that he is no new arrival for he cast his lot with Goldfield in 1904. His capital consisted principally of a determination to succeed.

However, if the earlier life of this clever young man is sketched briefly it may bring forth an explanation of why he was destined to succeed in later years. He was born in Brighton, Iowa, in 1882. When he was nine years of age his parents moved into the country. Not daunted by the lack of educational facilities the boy improved his mind by hard study and extensive reading. He borrowed enough money to pay for a course in stenography and typewriting at a Des Moines college, and when he had completed this, went to Chicago, securing employment with a manufacturing company and later with a big advertising agency.

Such perseverance and pluck were not to go long unrewarded. Coming to Goldfield he opened a brokerage business and from his typewriter there issued a weekly market letter. His has grown into a business that extends throughout the United States, Mexico, Canada, and foreign countries. He is secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Bullfrog West Extension Mining Company and owns a controlling interest in the Manhattan-Whale Mining and Milling Company, and is interested in other important properties, including the Cuprite Copper Mining Company and others at Round Mountain, Fairview, State Range, Goldfield and Bullfrog.

GILBERT STANTON JOHNSON

## LESLIE LORING SAVAGE

HE age is the young man's age. Nevada is the young man's country; Goldfield is the young man's camp. In every line of the camp's activities it is the young man who is forging to the front. Young men are the heaviest traders on the stock exchanges; young men are the promoters; young men are the miners, the lawyers, the doctors, the merchants, and the chief factors in every kind of business life.

The youngest looking man in Goldfield is Leslie Loring Savage, partner of Walter Whitmore, and secretary and treasurer of the W. H. Whitmore Company. His youthful appearance makes him the subject for many a would-be humorist, and he takes every joke with boyish good nature in a way that endears him to all his fellows. Savage was born in Oakland, California, September 6, 1880. He was a member of the '04 class of the Columbia University School of Mines, and he went to Ely early in that year in the employ of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company. It was just at the time when opportunities were plentiful in Ely, when that camp was becoming known to the world, that Mr. Savage left the company he was with, and began prospecting for himself. He secured some promising properties and disposed of them during the boom. When he arrived in Goldfield, he met Walter Whitmore, bought an interest in the firm, and has since been sharing the labor and the profits of one of the most successful brokerage, insurance, and operating firms of the camp.

LESLIE LORING SAVAGE

## ALDEN H. BROWN

OME men learn mining lore in their cradles at a time when fairy tales are usually considered the only digestible food for childish brains. They grow up with love of the miner's life planted in their hearts and bred into their bones. They could not get away from it if they tried.

Alden H. Brown was the son of a miner—one of the immortals of '49, whom all sons of California love to honor. He crossed the plains into California with the first rush and went through the state in which his son is now mining. He was placer mining on the Comstock before the great silver lode was discovered. It was in Vinton, Iowa, far from the land of gold that Alden Brown was born in 1869. From the start he was destined to be a miner. When he went to college he determined to be a civil engineer, and he was given that degree in the University of Iowa. As a civil engineer he built part of what is now the Rock Island Railroad, but after a few years of this work the longing for the mines became too strong for him and he went to Colorado to take up the profession of his father before him. He had mined in Alabama, Mexico and Colorado before going to Nevada. The winter of 1904 found him in Goldfield and since then he has had an active career in the Southwest. He has large interests in Lower California.

Mr. Brown is a big, handsome man, a lover of the rough out-door life, and a true gentleman. He has the spirit of the adventurer, and his wanderings have shown him many sides of life. Mr. Brown now has an office in Goldfield and one at 625 I. W. Hellman Block, Los Angeles.

Photo by Palace Studio

ALDEN H. BROWN

## H. D. MacMASTER

HERE is a jolly, whole-souled, prosperous fellow in Goldfield—H. D. MacMaster—who doesn't make much fuss about himself or his business, but who is rapidly winning his way to a substantial position in the life of the country. He is a successful promoter and operator, and in the three years he has been in camp has handled many important deals. He is the head of the firm of H. D. MacMaster & Company, which has a reputation not bounded by the borders of the state.

Mr. MacMaster has interests in quite a number of live districts, notable among them being Goldfield, Yerrington, Fairview and Manhattan. One of his latest investments is in the Virgen River Oil Fields in Utah. From this property he has an excellent chance to add materially to his fortune. He has promoted the Goldfield-Rochester Mining Company, that gives promise of being something beyond the ordinary in productiveness. Mr. MacMaster holds a seat on the Goldfied Mining Stock Exchange and is prominent in its affairs. He wooed and won a charming woman for his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. MacMaster have a pretty little home in Goldfield. Mr. MacMaster is also well known in Los Angeles, where he and his wife make frequent visits.

His offices occupy a handsome suite in the new Exchange Building on Main Street in Goldfield.

H. D. MacMASTER

## C. O. WHITTEMORE

OMEONE has said that the man who builds a railroad builds an empire. Be that as it may, what would Nevada be today without her railroads, and where would the railroads of Nevada be today without the keen-sighted, far-seeing men who saw opportunities and forced others to believe in them.

C. O. Whittemore, vice-president and general counsel of the Las Vegas & Tonopah Railroad, is a man to whom Nevada owes much. He was the first official of the Las Vegas & Tonopah to go over the proposed route with the engineers, a year before the actual work of construction was begun, aside from being prominently identified with the building of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, of which he was general counsel until recently, when he resigned to devote all his attention to the Las Vegas & Tonopah.

To start at the beginning, Mr. Whittemore is a son of Utah, who became prominent in his own state before he transferred his allegiance to Nevada. He was born in 1862, and was graduated from St. Mary's school twenty years later. He began the practice of law auspiciously. He was made assistant city attorney, but resigned to continue his law education at Columbia. In 1894 he was elected county attorney, and in 1898 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Utah by President McKinley.

He has cast his lot with Nevada and its interests, and henceforth is to be classed as a thorough Nevadan, one who will have not a little to do with the future history of the State.

C. O. WHITTEMORE

## CHARLES S. SPRAGUE

EVADA needs no introduction to Charles S. Sprague; first, he is a newspaper man, and the entire West knows him through the thriving journal he has built up in the midst of the desert; and secondly Nevada knows and honors him for what he has done to advance her interests and proclaim her greatness up and down the earth. He is a brilliant exception to the supposed rule that good newspaper men are poor business men. Mr. Sprague seems to have succeeded invariably.

He was born in Ohio, the son of W. P. Sprague, for many years congressman from the Buckeye State. On the day of his graduation from college he purchased a newspaper, and he has been a newspaper man ever since. While in Ohio ,he became prominent in politics and was appointed internal revenue collector—the youngest man who ever held such a position in the State. In 1890 he went to Colorado and founded the Colorado Springs Evening Telegraph. It flourished, and he established the Mining Investor. He again took an active part in political affairs, served in the Legislature and as a member of the Board of Pardons. Many honors were his in Colorado. In 1904 and '05 he was editor of the Rocky Mountain News in Denver, resigning that position to buy the Goldfield News, a publication that has a larger circulation than any other in Nevada. He organized the Goldfield Publishing Company, which has erected a $100,000 office building, and is vice-president and general manager of the Company. He has mining interests throughout the State, and owns the finest home in Goldfield; proving that Fortune sometimes smiles even on a newspaper man.

CHARLES S. SPRAGUE

## JAMES L. LINDSAY

BY a judicious combination of mining and banking some of the most successful men in the West have made their fortunes, and if perseverance, attention to business, energy, ability, and sound common sense count for aught, James L. Lindsay of Goldfield will be enrolled among the winners.

Mr. Lindsay began his active career about twenty years ago when not more than a score of years had been his. He rose rapidly in the banking business, and has been so successful in this work that he has devoted by far the greater part of his time to it, occasionally becoming connected with some big mining enterprises just for variation and incidentally to add materially to his own bank account. He was interested in several properties in Colorado before he decided that Goldfield and the other Nevada camps were the only places really worth while.

Goldfield first saw Mr. Lindsay in 1905. He did not hesitate or procrastinate, but went to work with a will. He made his first good-sized Nevada stake on the Lindsay lease on the Florence. He again turned his attention to banking and accepted a position with the State Bank and Trust Company. Of this institution he is now the cashier.

J. L. LINDSAY

## FRED H. VAHRENKAMP

THE first train ever sent over the Las Vegas & Tonopah road into Southern Nevada was booked for Bonnie Clare and loaded with machinery for the Bonnie Clare Mine. The day of its arrival was a happy one for Fred H. Vahrenkamp, and one of which he never grows tired of thinking. It marked an epoch in the history of the mine and of its general manager. With the opening of the road, Los Angeles became the natural distributing center for the camps of Southern Nevada and the Los Angeles men who had invested in mines in the sagebrush state rejoiced. Most of all, rejoiced Fred Vahrenkamp. In the spring of 1905, when the railroad was little more than a myth, Fred Vahrenkamp, mining engineer, and Willis George Emerson of Los Angeles purchased the Bonnie Clare mine located in the Gold Mountain District, half way between Goldfield and Bullfrog. Mr. Vahrenkamp went immediately to work on the development of the property and in January, 1906, he and E. A. Forrester and sons, also of Los Angeles, purchased Mr. Emerson's interest. With a splendidly equipped mill on top of the ground and an apparently inexhaustible supply of milling ore under the ground, the property promises to be a millionaire maker.

Mr. Vahrenkamp had made a record in his profession before Bonnie Clare was in existence. He has mined in Utah, Colorado, South Dakota and California, and was for some time in the employment of the De La Mar Syndicate of Paris. His professional associate in Los Angeles before going to Bonnie Clare was Prof. L. H. Mitchell, formerly professor of geology in Cornell University.

FRED H. VAHRENKAMP

## LOREN B. CURTIS

ONE of the greatest factors in the transformation of Southern Nevada has been the Nevada-California Power Company. The construction and operation of this plant has meant not only light and transportation for all the prominent cities and camps of that section, but cheap power to operate the mines and mills as well.

The man who originated the idea of establishing this great plant is Loren B. Curtis, of Denver, Colorado. In the Fall of 1904 Mr. Curtis and C. M. Hobbs, of Denver, came to Goldfield for the purpose of looking over the mining field, but Mr. Curtis had not long been in Goldfield before he saw the great necessity of cheap power for the mining needs of the camp. Mr. Curtis had already had wide experience in Colorado in the location of water power plants, and naturally his mind turned toward securing such a plant in a reasonable transmission distance of Goldfield. Leaving Mr. Hobbs in Goldfield to continue his investigations in the mining field, Mr. Curtis went into the Owens River country to look for a suitable water power site. After spending several weeks in examining all the tributaries of the Owens River, he finally selected the present power rights on Bishop Creek, and made all the preliminary filings for holding them. He then returned to Goldfield and accompanied by Mr. Hobbs went to Colorado to lay the power proposition before a group of Denver's leading capitalists.

The proposition seemed so feasible and so certain of large success that no trouble was encountered in raising all the necessary funds for the first installation, costing $500,000.

LOREN B. CURTIS

Nine months after the work was started the plant was in operation and electric power was being furnished Goldfield and Tonopah. Mr. Curtis was the engineer in charge of construction of the transmission line of the company, from Bishop, California, to Tonopah and Goldfield, a distance of 113 miles.

While working on this line Mr. Curtis found it necessary to secure water for construction purposes, and naturally his mind was called to the great need of good water for Goldfield. Upon the completion of his work he turned his attention to securing by location and otherwise, all the water in the Goldfield District. The culmination of this work is now the Goldfield Consolidated Water Company. This company is now furnishing pure mountain water to the inhabitants of Goldfield, and the surrounding district, and is considered one of the greatest factors in the upbuilding of the camp. Thus Mr. Curtis has been the moving spirit in two of the most needful and successful enterprises of the Goldfield District.

Mr. Curtis was born in 1869 in Binghampton, N. Y., but has spent most of his life in Colorado. He secured his technical education at the State Agricultural College of Colorado, taking the degree of B. S. in 1895. Since that time he has successfully practiced his profession in the West.

## MILTON C. ISH

MANY who came to Goldfield primarily to mine, saw money in supplying the needs of the people, and several of the men who are the most successful operators today got their first stake by providing bacon and beans for others. In the early days of Goldfield groceries were quite as much in demand as mines, and Milton Ish invested $350 in a lot on Columbia street, upon which he erected a frame building and opened a grocery store. That lot is today worth $15,000. Not infrequently a carload of goods was sold before it could be removed from the wagon to the store, and customers lined up on the sidewalk to make their purchases. In the spring of 1907 Mr. Ish and his uncle, Frank Ish, who was associated with him, sold the store that they might devote all their attention to mining. Mr. Ish had staked Jim Sheets and Tom Kendrick, steady customers and good boosters for the grocery business, and the Ish-Sheets lease on the Combination and Mohawk is the result. They hit the ledge at thirty-eight feet and the first week took out two carloads of ore, which netted $4000, enough to pay for all equipment. Nearly a million dollars has been taken out.

In this lease Frank Ish and E. D. Bowles also had an interest.

One of Mr. Ish's claims to fame is the fact that he was the first man married in Goldfield. The ceremony was performed by Postmaster Collins, who was an acting justice of the peace. This interesting event took place in October, 1904. In those days there were no churches. This was Collins' first appearance as an aider and ab-

MILTON C. ISH

bettor of Cupid, but the bridegroom reminded Collins that the latter did not need to think he had a monopoly on nervousness, for he, the bridegroom, was as new to the performance as was Collins. The bride was Miss Evelyn Roach, a charming Nevada girl, born about 100 miles from Goldfield. They have a beautiful home in Goldfield, whose hospitable doors welcome hosts of friends.

Mr. Ish is now associated with the firm of Marvin Ish & Brother. He is a popular young fellow, successful and always a booster for Goldfield and Nevada. He is a native son of California, born in San Francisco August 19, 1876.

## EPHRIM DeMORE TURNER

ONE by one the early pioneers of Nevada are passing away. Each year the list of those who lived and fought and won and lost again in the days before the railroad came, is growing shorter. Men of the early days in Virginia City, Pioche, Eureka, and the other camps which were in their prime a quarter of a century ago, are very few now; but they are grand old men—those who are left—and honored everywhere.

Ephrim DeMore Turner is a picturesque figure, a man one might well point to as an example for the youth of the desert. He was born in Illinois, May 27, 1833, and of actual school life he received one year; he crossed the plains in a wagon in '52, and stopped at Gibsonville, Sierra County, where his father opened a blacksmith shop. For a brief time he mined in California, then went to Nevada, where he took part in the Indian war of 1860 when a little band of citizens left Viginia City and for forty-five days waged war against 2000 Indians. He helped to bury a few of his comrades and a great many of the foes of his people. In '63, he went to Reese River, and arrived in Austin the day after the "axe man" created a panic; he found the place in an uproar; a man had gone insane the day before, rushed through the town with an axe, killing or wounding all who came within his reach; he was never seen after that day, but for years afterward the mention of the "axe man" would make the women jump. It is believed he was killed on the desert by "White Headed" Ross, a man supposed to be a stage robber and bad man.

EPHIRIM DEMORE TURNER

Mr. Turner worked in Austin during the hard times of the winter of '65, when the best man of the day was lucky if he got one meal out of three. Men could not get work for their board; he worked for 50 cents a day and at night he divided that sum that some of his fellows might eat.

From Austin he went to Pioche and was in business there at the time the camp was nearly wiped out by fire and more than fifty of its inhabitants were killed. He lost everything in the fire, and had to make a new start. In '75 he became night watchman for the fire department and after that was made constable, deputy sheriff and then sheriff. The last office he filled for ten years until U. J. R. De La Mar bought the great De La Mar Mine and came to him to ask him to become boss of the bullion gang. Bullion from the mine had to be hauled 175 miles by coach and then shipped from Millford, Utah, to Salt Lake. It was a dangerous business and one that required courage, a clear brain and the ability to command. The bullion was taken out in a big Concord coach and the boss rode by the driver while two men sat guard inside.

In two years and seven months five and a half millions in bullion were carried out in this way. Then the system was changed. Mr. Turner was made collector of lights and water, and later, postmaster at Delamar. This position he occupied until a few months ago, when he went to live at Columbia to be near his daughter and his son. As early as '64 he became interested in politics and that year was made County Clerk of Nye County. In May '75 he married Kate Brinkman, a fifteen-year-old girl, who was left an orphan at that time; three sons and a daughter were born to them. His wife died some years ago.

## JOHN TINNIN

ANY of the cattle kings of old Nevada have, since the birth of the new Nevada, become mining men. Some of those who were feeding beef to the miners of the Comstock lode and giving little heed to the wealth of her mines are, since the discovery of Goldfield and Tonopah, turning their attention to mining.

Of the men of this class, one who is loved and honored throughout the state is Col. John Tinnin, formerly a partner of Governor John Sparks in the cattle industry of Nevada.

John Tinnin was born in a log house on a cotton plantation in Mississippi in 1840, and when a boy of fifteen went to Texas, where he entered the ranger service. He was for four years in the confederate army and fought for the cause of the South—stopped fighting Indians and went to fighting Yankees, as he expresses it. In 1881 he came to Nevada and a short time later went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and induced Governor Sparks to return with him to the sagebrush state. From '81 until '89 the two men were partners and their cattle interests steadily grew. Their range covered 150 miles north and south and almost as many east and west. They gradually bought up the herds of small raisers until they owned 80,000 head of cattle. In the hard winter of '88 and '89 these two partners lost half of their stock. In that year John Tinnin sold out and went to other fields, but it was not long until he was back again, buying more cattle. Today he has a ranch in Nebraska of 10,000 acres, and also owns a large ranch in Texas, where he has a winter home.

For the last year he has been in Goldfield acquiring mining interests and where he once had no thought for anything but live stock it is now the mining stock market which claims most of his attention. Colonel Tinnin began the cattle business with $1100 worth of stock, 300 pounds of bacon and six bushels of corn meal. He is in spirit a young man today. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, a great big heart, a pair of fine blue eyes and a big stock of sound philosophy, he is a charming man to meet and a friend worth having.

# BULLFROG

# BULLFROG

A WIRY little man, with keen blue eyes and sun tanned face, grew tired of prospecting in Tonopah one day early in July, 1905, and turned his steps toward the south. Without saying anything as to his intentions he packed his burros and started on a long and lonely march for new fields of fortune. Two years before that time he had come into Tonopah from the south and had passed through what is now the Bullfrog District. Retracing his steps, he went down the Amargosa Valley past the Beatty Ranch and out upon the desert. Far out in the sagebrush he encountered a lonely figure, burroless, out of food and altogether down on his luck.

"Up against it, old man?" asked "Shorty" Harris, for it was none other than the father of Bullfrog who thus accosted the stranger. The latter's answer was a grunt.

"Saw a big quartz blowout. Looked good to me when I went through her a couple of years ago. Queer, greenish sort of stuff. Want to find it?" asked Harris.

And in Ed Cross Bullfrog has its second father.

The two men prospected around the hills and on August 4, 1904, discovered the "greenish looking quartz" that "Shorty" Harris had noticed on his former trip through the valley. If "Shorty" was short in stature, he was long on imagination. The ore was green, the color of a bullfrog. The pieces of rock, according to "Shorty," were about as far apart as a bullfrog's jump, and were about the size of a well-fed bullfrog. So "Shorty" called the place Bullfrog, and Bullfrog it has been ever since. He and his partner traveled to Tonopah with samples of

the rock, and immediately there was a rush to the new district.

Since that time the camp has been forging to the front in leaps greater than did ever a bullfrog take. A busy band of prospectors tramped the hills day and night staking out claims and giving to them names which were soon to become the watchwords of the district. A town sprang up here and another one there, and rivalry was keen between them. A handful of men camped in the gulch at the foot of Ladd Mountain and a couple of them started off down the valley to build a town. They platted a townsite and offered lots to those who would come down. There was one man that was not included in the general invitation. He was the camp-mate of Frank Busch and because of some misunderstanding between himself and the organizers of the new town he was left out. Frank Busch, true to his pal, declined the lot offered him, and formulated a plan to start an opposition townsite. He did not have any money, but he had plenty of energy and pluck, and these carried him to Tonopah, where he borrowed $300 with which to found Rhyolite.

The new camp was built in a day. Frank Busch and his associates did not stop at offering lots to residents of the rival town, but even moved their places of business for them. Born in strife, the little town has had many a battle since, and camp rivalry has been strong. Where there is rivalry, there is also patriotism and loyalty, and the men of Rhyolite have been lacking in neither.

Four miles east there is Beatty, the next largest camp of the district, named for "Old Man Beatty," as the rancher who had lived there for many years before another white man set foot in the country, is familiarly known.

The Las Vegas and Tonopah, the first railroad into the southern part of the State, reached Beatty in October, 1906. Before that time every stick of wood and every pound of food had to be hauled nearly a hundred miles over the desert in wagons. Now there are two railways into Bullfrog, and soon there will be a third.

The mineral zone, commonly designated as the Bullfrog District, covers an area of about 400 square miles.

The ores are found mainly in quartz and the formation is usually a highly silicified rhyolite with manganese and talcous ores carrying a heavy sulphide. Though there are some high-grade properties in the camp, the district is essentially low grade with vast bodies of milling ore which many believe will be producing wealth years after the more sensational camps have been forgotten. It has required time and courage to bring the Bullfrog mines to their present state of development, but the men of the district have been willingly patient. With the opening of the mill on the Montgomery-Shoshone, purchased by Charles M. Schwab and his associates, a great era in the camp's history was recorded. The mill has proved the feasibility of the reduction of the Bullfrog ores in the camp rather than shipping them away. It would not be safe to estimate how many millions are already blocked out in the mines of Bullfrog, but the figure is one that will act as a buoy to the men of the district through all periods of hard times.

Soon other mills will be dropping stamps and the production of Bullfrog will prove to the mining world the truth of all her most ardent supporters have claimed.

Since that day when "Shorty" Harris and Ed Cross met in the desert, Bullfrog has lived, grown and flourished. She has the ore; she has the men; she has the spirit that wins.

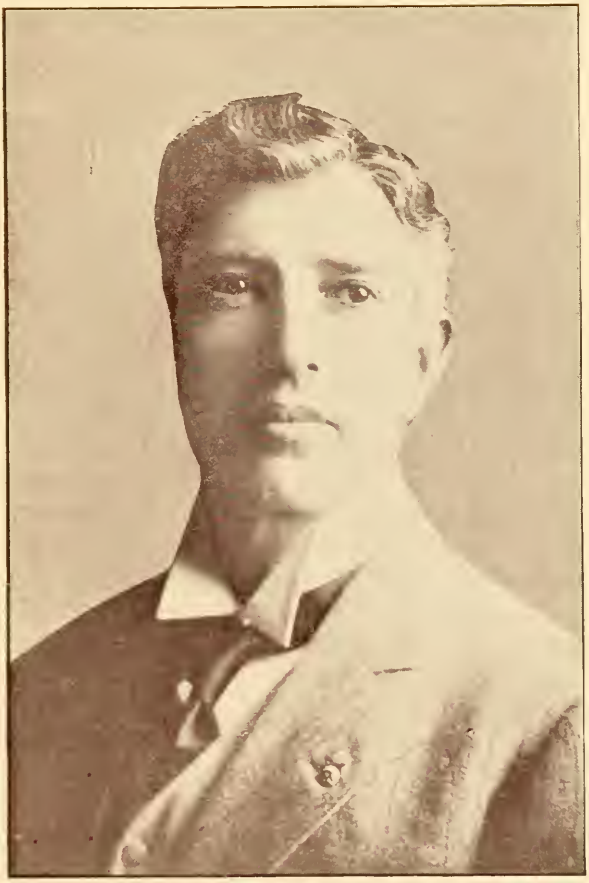
## E. A. MONTGOMERY

LONG time ago in Canada a little boy looked at the hills and dreamed of gold. He went about his work and his lessons and his play and through it all he dreamed that some day he would put his finger on the spot where gold was hidden, bring it out of the mountain and make him a rich man. It was in Seaforth, November 4, 1863, that the boy was born, and it was in the Bullfrog district in 1904 that the dream began to come true.

The boy was E. A. Montgomery, known in every mining camp in the West as "Bob." It was nearly twenty years from the time he dreamed his boyhood dreams of gold until he finally began the life of a miner.

In 1885, he was farming in Iowa, when the mining excitement in Idaho broke out, and people from every part of the country flocked in response to the gold cry. Bob Montgomery heard the cry and he exchanged the plow for the pick. From that time until 1892 he traveled over the West, stopping at any section where conditions were at all promising, and in March of that year he located the Montgomery Mining District, sixty miles south of the present site of Bullfrog.

He opened up the Johnnie Mine, and at the same time did some work in Death Valley. He staked prospectors who discovered mines in the Panamint District. He grew tired of Nevada prospects and was about to go to Mexico when the Salt Lake Road from Salt Lake to Los Angeles was proposed. In this he saw the beginning of a new era in mining in Nevada, and he went to work with renewed vigor in his prospecting. In 1902 he went



E. A. MONTGOMERY

to Tonopah and soon afterward was chosen because of his knowledge of the entire southern part of the State, to act as chief right-of-way agent for a company of Los Angeles men who proposed building a railroad. He traveled for 200 miles without seeing any living thing but an occasional lizard and jackrabbit, and he made a report sufficient to justify the building of the railroad.

The route he chose would have touched the present sites of Goldfield, Bullfrog, Lee and Greenwater, and would have tapped the big borax fields. The company sent an engineer over the same route, but the engineer could not see beneath the ground; he lacked the power to look into the future which Mr. Montgomery possessed, and he returned to Los Angeles to throw cold water on the project.

If that road had been built, the mines of Nevada would be in a different condition today. Since that time two roads have been built over the route he recommended, though at that time and for nearly four years afterward, the man who crossed the country crossed it on burro-back or by stage. On the strength of a report of rich ore discovered by Ed Cross on the original Bullfrog, Mr. Montgomery made a trip from Tonopah to that new district. He drove from Tonopah, traveling all day and night to get there, and he located six claims. On his way back he stopped at Oasis, owned by John Howell, a negro, who was a pioneer of the desert and a friend of Mr. Montgomery's. There he met "Hungry Johnny," an Indian, whom he employed to prospect for him. He gave the Indian two notices of location and was again going out of the district when at Thorpes Mill he met men returning from Goldfield with results of assays on Bullfrog ore. He took a saddle horse and went back the next

day. On his way he passed the Indian's camp and left word for him to follow and receive a lesson on distinguishing the kind of rock found to be rich. The Indian went to Bonanza mountain, and Mr. Montgomery showed him the Denver outcropping.

"I catch him all the same ledge," the Indian said, and he led him to the south end of the Montgomery mountain, where he found a well-built monument in which one of the location notices had been placed. The property is the same that is now known as the Indian Johnny. He then took him to the Shoshone, and Bob Montgomery that day located Shoshone No. 2 and No. 3, the latter claim being the one upon which the rich Shoshone mine was discovered. He worked all day and that night he wrote his location notice in the dark. He located the town site of Beatty and started a settlement there, at the same time doing preliminary work on fifteen claims.

Then he went to Goldfield to consult his partner. The partner, T. E. Edwards, offered to sell his claim for $100,000, and Mr. Montgomery exercised his option by interesting Malcolm Macdonald of Tonopah to furnish the first $10,000.

The first stock with a par value of $1 sold at $2 a share and 25,000 shares were required for the completion of the corporation. The first shipment of forty tons was hauled out by wagon in April. In January of 1906 the famous Montgomery-Shoshone lawsuit was up before the courts, and until it was finally settled in Mr. Montgomery's favor and with greatest credit to him, no ore could be shipped from the mine.

Donald Gillies, as manager for Charles M. Schwab, was sent to examine the property, and just one year after

the date upon which Edwards had disposed of his interests, the mine was sold to Mr. Schwab.

Mr. Montgomery retained one-fifth interest in the mine and is still a director in the Shoshone Consolidated.

Mr. Montgomery is owner of the Skidoo Mine Company's properties, is one of the principal owners of the Brown Palace Mine at Rosebud, and numerous other properties throughout the State, in addition to being part owner in a big Idaho mine.

If he so willed, Bob Montgomery could retire from active operation in the mining field and live comfortably for the rest of his life on the harvest he has reaped from his operations. Instead he prefers to demonstrate to the world his faith in mining as a legitimate investment, and he is as active now as ever.

Since those days when he dreamed of the hidden treasures of Mother Earth he has met many disappointments and has several times been near death. He is a man who has few enemies; his is a gentle kindly nature and if he has a fault, it is his generosity.

His word is as good as his bond, and wherever he leads in the mining world there are many ready to follow.

## MATT HOVECK

A LITTLE German lad not more than eleven years of age stepped up to the big superintendent of the Anaconda Mine in Butte, Montana, one day a good many years ago, and asked for work. The foreman looked him over, smiled to himself, and asked the boy what he thought he could do. "There is nothing in a mine that you could do, my lad," said the superintendent. But the boy was not so certain of that. He convinced the miner that even an eleven-year-old boy might make himself useful if he chose so to do. And the superintendent sent him away promising to see him again later in the day.

At the second meeting he sent the boy to the foreman who looked at him, laughed, and sent him back to the superintendent. The latter had taken a fancy to the plucky little chap and recognized in him the kind of material that men are made of.

"Sit down a minute, and I will take you to the foreman myself," said the superintendent. And the next day the boy went to work in the Anaconda Mine.

At first his duties consisted of carrying water to the men in the stopes. Then one thing and another, until there was little about a mine that the boy did not know. At the age of eighteen years, Matt Hoveck, for it was Matt Hoveck, was made foreman of the great Anaconda Mine. Men many years his senior took orders from him willingly. His small beginning had grown to be something large and ever since then Matt Hoveck has been forging to the front among practical mining men.

Born in Germany, he came to America when he was

MATT HOVECK

about ten years of age. His family settled in New York, and there the boy received his first knowledge of the English language.

Before the gold rush into Nevada, Mr. Hoveck mined in various districts, and had charge of some of the important mining properties of Arizona. He was in Tonopah at the time "Bob" Montgomery went into the Bullfrog district, and he met Mr. Montgomery when he was returning from his second trip into the field of the new excitement.

"Things look pretty good down there, you had better come back with me," advised Mr. Montgomery, and Matt Hoveck went. He became superintendent of the Montgomery-Shoshone Mine, and put the first pick into Shoshone ground. Under his supervision a prospect became a mine, and he was still in charge when the property was purchased by Charles M. Schwab.

When Mr. Schwab took over the Montgomery-Shoshone ,there were four million dollars in sight, and 1,700 feet of development work had been done. Mr. Hoveck also had an interest in this mine, which netted him a nice little fortune. He resigned his position as superintendent in May, 1906, to take charge of Bob Montgomery's interests at Skidoo.

As Matt Hoveck made a mine in Bullfrog, so he has been doing at Skidoo and he has built a town around this mine. What the Montgomery-Shoshone mine has done for Bullfrog, the Skidoo mine will do for this new section, and "Bob" Montgomery and his superintendent form a team that is sure to win.

Matt Hoveck is a great big good-natured, open-hearted, generous man. His kingdom is a mine, and the world he really loves best is the world carpeted with sand and sagebrush, bounded on four sides by hills of gold and peopled with miners.

## BUSCH BROTHERS

THREE brothers, count 'em, all true blue, Frank J., Peter A. and J. E. Busch, form a close family corporation which is doing big things in the Nevada country. Frank Busch was the founder of Rhyolite, that live town in the Bullfrog District. He, with P. R. Stanley, located Rhyolite and sold the first lot—for $50. The brothers Busch are natives of Ohio, but are now thoroughly Nevadan. All have had a wide experience in mining and business ventures. Frank Busch gained his first mining lore in Colorado, went to Alaska seven years ago, then tried Arizona for a time, returned to Colorado and came to Goldfield when labor troubles in the Cripple Creek District caused active operations there to be suspended temporarily. The newer camp farther south attracted him and Rhyolite is the result. There he was joined by his two brothers, and they started a business in mining stocks, real estate and mining properties that has grown to large proportions. The pioneer brother in Rhyolite also engaged extensively in Manhattan deals, opening an office there and buying some fine properties. Later he opened an office in Goldfield, where he at once became prominent in the business life of the town. Peter A. and J. E. Busch entered Rhyolite in 1905. The former was superintendent of the Bullfrog Peerless and brought about the sale of the property to a big New York syndicate for $100,000 cash. J. E. was connected with the Cook Bank previous to the time he went to Rhyolite. He is now secretary of the firm.

They are all practical miners, each has worked in the shafts and any one of the three can run an engine

BUSCH BROTHERS

or put in timbers with expert skill. They have interests in Lee, Skidoo, Greenwater, Ibex District, Utah oil fields, Wonder and many other localities. The firm has the record of making more sales of mining property than any other in the district. Peter Busch is director of the First National Bank of Rhyolite, secretary of the Rhyolite Power Company, vice-president of the Board of Trade, and a school director. Two have yielded to Cupid's darts, while J. E. has as yet remained a bachelor.

Although the Busch brothers are interested in nearly every camp in Nevada they still count Rhyolite their home, and they are patriotic boosters for the town. Personally there is not a trio of young fellows with more friends, anywhere in the country. Square, generous-hearted, wide-awake, energetic boys, they are rightly loved by all who know them. They can tell many stories of their early days in various mining camps, and all of them love the big free life of the West.

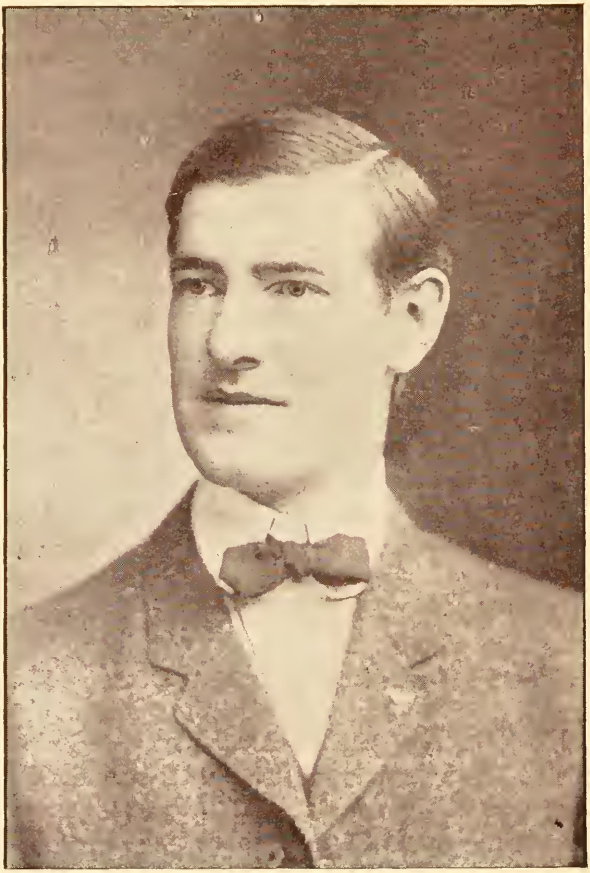
A splendid working trio they make. One brother devotes most of his time to the actual business of mining; another, to the brokerage end, and the youngest who is a thoroughly trained office man, gives his attention to the inside work.

## CURTIS MANN

ATER, water, water! has always been the cry of the trail blazer of the desert, and water has played an important part in many a desert fight. When a little handful of men were trying to establish the town of Rhyolite as a rival of Bullfrog in the Bullfrog District, one of the chief obstacles they had to overcome was the lack of water. Curtis Mann realized that the town which should first be able to provide its people with water in abundance would be the town that would win the fight. With this end in view he promoted the Indian Springs Water Company, and in ninety days after the first paper was signed four miles of pipe line had been laid, a pumping plant erected, and water was there for all comers.

Curtis Mann is a splendid representative of the best type of Western man. He was born in Wisconsin and received his education at St. John's Military School, where he studied civil and mining engineering, but most of his life has been spent in the West.

He has mined in various parts of Colorado and became interested in a lease on the Combination Fraction in Goldfield before he ever saw Nevada. It was to investigate this lease that he came to the sagebrush state. He is the kind of man who never lets a good opportunity pass, and hearing that houses were much in demand in Goldfield, he sent out two carloads of house tents. The same week lumber arrived in Goldfield, and when he tried to dispose of his tents he was met with "I want a house." He had never built a house in his life, but he made a beginning, bought all the lumber that was to be had, employed fifteen



CURTIS MANN

carpenters and put up fifteen of the first houses in camp. He went into the Bullfrog District with the vanguard, built the first frame office building in camp, and this he occupies today. He has brought as much outside capital into the camp as any other man.

When he first arrived in Rhyolite he bought many prospects, taking a chance on anything offered to him at a reasonable sum. Many of these he has developed without finding anything, but all the money has been spent in legitimate mining—it has been put into the ground. He is among the first on the ground in every mining rush in the southern part of the State, always looking for the prospect which will some day make a great mine. He has the confidence of capitalists in various parts of the country, and all of them are ready to go into the thing which he considers the right one. Since he first went to Bullfrog he has kept two prospectors in the field most of the time, and one of them broke samples from the ground which is now the property of the famous Skidoo mine owned by Bob Montgomery. The samples were taken from a point within a few feet of the outcroppings which later led to the discovery of the mine. Energetic and full of ambition, Curtis Mann is one of the men who will go ahead in spite of all obstacles.

## JUDGE L. O. RAY

THERE is a big little man in Rhyolite who has a friend in almost every inhabited block in the southern desert. A long time ago, or rather a short time ago, when Tonopah was very young, he was justice of the peace and they called him judge. His name is Lorin O. Ray, but he is Judge Ray wherever he goes.

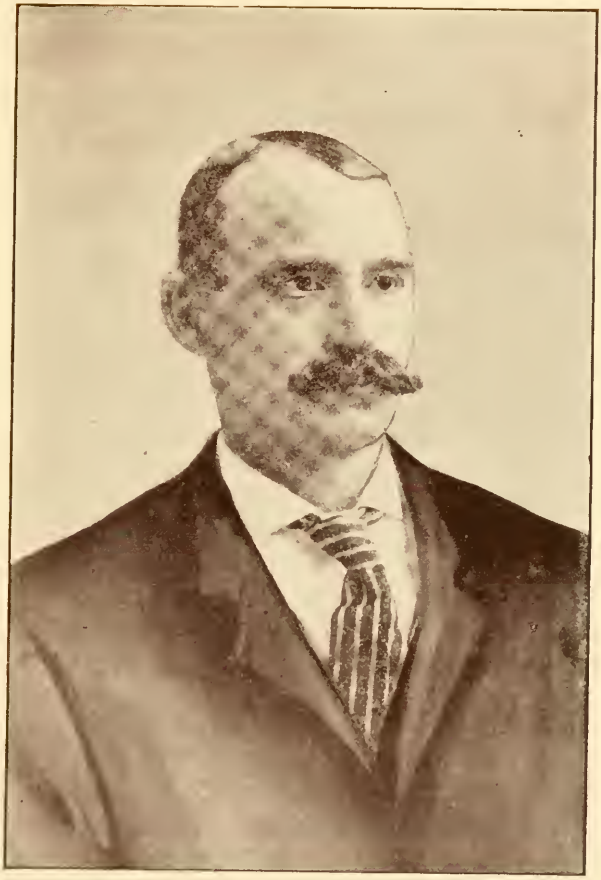
A mining excitement in Southern Nevada would not be the real thing if Judge Ray were not there, for he has had a share in all of them. He tried his luck in Tonopah and then he prospected off to the north and located the present camp of Ray.

He went to Goldfield, but that was also out of his streak of luck. He sunk the first shaft on the Mohawk ground but missed the ledge which was later worked as the Kalfus lease.

He struck Bullfrog just at the right time and has lived there ever since, one of the most respected of respected citizens. Judge Ray was one of the four locators of the Tramps, Denver, Victor, Peerlesses and Eclipse; and with his associates realized a comfortable fortune from the sale of these.

Nye county sent him to the legislature as one of her three representatives for the last session and Rhyolite has made him president of her board of trade and given him a first place among her citizens. He is of small stature, keen eye, and industrious and fearless nature; as open hearted and patriotic as they can be found.

Judge Ray is president of the Rhyolite Mining and Brokerage Company and has heavy interests all over the state.



JUDGE L. O. RAY

## SAM F. LINDSAY

PROMINENT among the factors which go to make life in the desert mining camp not only bearable but enjoyable, is the social club.

Tonopah has its Mizpah Club; Goldfield its Montezuma Club, and Rhyolite now has its Shoshone Club. To the credit of Sam F. Lindsay, county commissioner, miner, business man and all around substantial citizen, stands the last organization. As president of the organization he piloted it through its early days, and with the help of the prominent citizens of the camp planned the beautiful club house as a center of social life.

Sam Lindsay is a pioneer in the Bullfrog district. He arrived here December 13, 1904, and came prepared to work with the pick. For two years previous he mined in Tonopah, coming there from Colorado. With him came George J. Welsh and the two formed a partnership; while one worked in camp for money with which to prospect, the other one tramped the hills, locating claims. They took turn about until Welsh died in 1905.

Mr. Lindsay was born in Burke County, North Carolina, May 3, 1870. He is president of the Bullfrog Amethyst Extension Company, president of the Hayseed and vice-president of the Lee Bell Mining Company, He is vice-president and director of the Rhyolite Power Company and director of the First National Bank. He is a staunch Democrat and was recently elected county commissioner on that ticket.

Sam Lindsay is honored as a man who is square in everything. He is a thorough Western man, quiet and earnest, and true to the core.

SAM F. LINDSAY

## JUDGE J. B. LINDSAY

UDGE J. B. LINDSAY is another man of good old Southern stock, who has sought and found fortune in the West. After you talk to Judge Lindsay you know he is a Southerner; after you talk to him again you know he is from North Carolina. There he was born and spent his early youth. He was educated at Savoy College in Texas and, imbued with the wisdom he had accumulated there, began to impart it to others, teaching school for three years. This occupation was not sufficiently remunerative for an ambitious man, and Mr. Lindsay went to the Great Northwest.

While Tonopah was in its swaddling clothes, Mr. Lindsay arrived on the scene. More or less interested in politics he was chosen by the Democrats as nominee for justice of the peace, and his popularity was such that he led the entire ticket. He was the first justice of the peace in the camp. This gave him his title of Judge.

Mr. Lindsay entered the Bullfrog District when things began to boom three. He was one of the promoters of the Mayflower, Starlight and many other first-class properties in the surrounding district. He is one of the heaviest owners of mining property in Lee, and is an officer and director in a dozen mining companies. He founded the Rhyolite Mining and Brokerage Company.

Judge Lindsay is and will be as long as he lives in the district, one of the leaders. Fortune has smiled upon him and good business judgment and good luck have combined for him. He is prominent in Masonic circles, being a member of the Knights Templars Commandery.

JUDGE J. B. LINDSAY

## JOHN L. CADOGAN

ALK if you will about the oldest living Mason, the only survivor of the Custer massacre, or the most ancient veteran of the Mexican war, but here is a man who will be pointed out in the days to come as a pioneer, the man who occupied the first office in the first frame building that was built in Rhyolite and was the first broker to engage in business in that place.

John L. Cadogan, of John L. Cadogan & Company, brokers, is a Californian by birth. He was born in Oakland June 6, 1879.

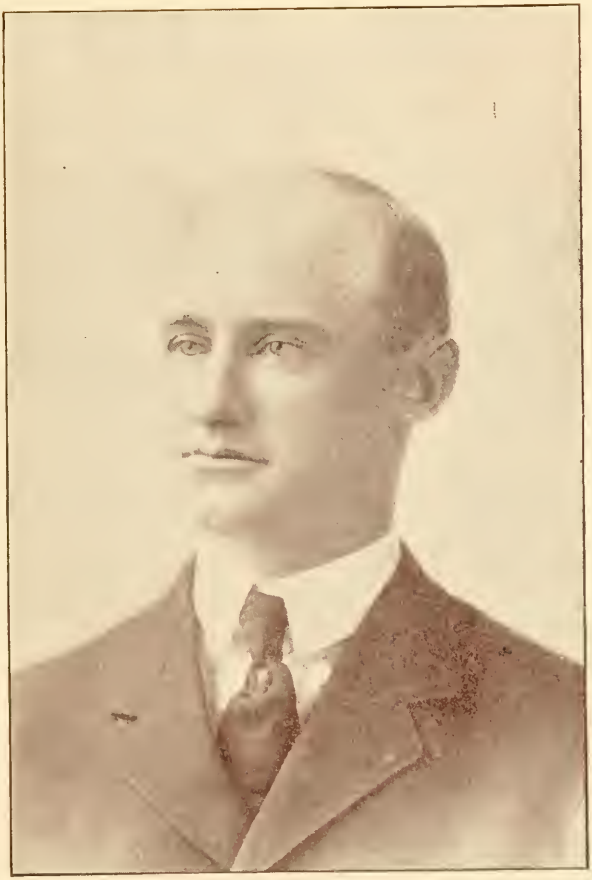
He became interested in the brokerage business in San Francisco and when the rush to Rhyolite began to draw hundreds in its wake Mr. Cadogan was not the one to be left behind. He arrived in what was then a tent city in August, 1905.

Seeing the possibilities for a legitimate brokerage business in what he knew was destined to be a thriving camp and later a somewhat pretentious town Mr. Cadogan opened an office. Later he was joined by A. G. Cadogan. The business prospered from the start.

He is prominent among mining men and brokerage houses in Nevada. Mr. Cadogan was one of the principal movers in the effort to organize a mining stock exchange in Rhyolite.

He was elected vice-president of the exchange, and has given time and attention to its upbuilding.

One of Mr. Cadogan's most successful enterprises was the flotation of the stock of the Homestake mine which is one of the best properties of the Bullfrog district.



JOHN L. CADOGAN

## LEONARD B. McGARRY

ESERT transportation, in its natural sequence, runs somewhat to this order: burro, freighting team, and railroad. The man who is wise enough to go into the freighting and transfer business in the days before the railroad comes is likely to build a foundation for his prospective fortunes, as Leonard B. McGarry can tell you from experience. In the spring of 1902 he went to Tonopah and established a transfer and freighting business between that place and Sodaville.

The son of a Eureka pioneer, he had the mining fever fairly well developed from the start, and his digressions from this occupation were means to an end. When Goldfield arrived on the map Len McGarry went there and opened the first lumber yard in the camp, and acquired mining interests. In August, 1904, he came to Bullfrog and went into the general merchandise business. His store building was a tent, for this was before the town of Rhyolite was even started. He located the property now known as the Bullfrog West Extension, one of the best in the section.

He promoted Bullfrog Teddy, adjoining the West Extension, and one hundred and fifty thousand shares were offered at five cents a share, from which the property was developed in a manner to justify the original locators in advancing the funds necessary to carry on the work to its present state.

Mr. McGarry has interests in the townsite of Lee and is connected with the Burro Fraction Mining Company and the Hayseed Extension Mining Company. In addition he has locations in Ubehebe.

LEONARD B. McGARRY

## JOHN J. FAGAN

THE "Terry McGovern" of Nevada lives in Rhyolite and his name is Fagan, with a John J. before it. He fights just as hard as Terry, but not quite in the same way. Not that he does not fight fair, but his are legal encounters incident to the disputed rights of all extensive locators and operators of mineral territory in Nevada, where laws, rules and regulations are as yet somewhat uncrystallized.

Mr. Fagan came from Denver immediately on the reported discovery of the Bullfrog district. His capital with which he came to "operate" consisted of $45; but his technical education, practical knowledge of mining and determination to take hold, compensated—as it does in Nevada—for the lack of capital. He is now actively operating from his Rhyolite office properties in many of the principal districts of Southern Nevada. He and his men were among the very first locators of Bullfrog, Greenwater, Skidoo, Lees, Ubeheba, Gold Mountain and other new camps south of Goldfield.

It was during these "rushes," when dates of location were frequently designated by the hour and minute, and overlapping lines could not be closely determined, that he acquired the titles of "Fighting Terry" and "Fraction Jack."

He was one of the original owners of a considerable portion of the Rhyolite townsite. His hundreds of locations he has developed mostly personally, incorporating but three companies

His success is largely due to the fact that he has shown the same energy in the holding and developing of his properties that he has in their acquirement.

JOHN J. FAGAN

## DAN MURPHY

ANY men who tried their luck in Tonopah and Goldfield with indifferent success, went to Bullfrog with the first rush ,and in that new field made both name and fortune. Among the pioneers of Rhyolite who have had remarkable success are the Murphy brothers, four in number and fine fellows, all of them.

At present there is but one of them in Rhyolite, Dan Murphy; his brothers whose names are closely connected with the early history of the camp, have departed for other fields.

Dan Murphy was the first of the brothers to arrive. He came from Colorado where he had been mining for several years and pitched his tent first in Tonopah and later in Goldfield. He had learned his mining lessons from the field, and was thus able to take advantage of the many good opportunities. He secured some good claims and some of these helped very materially to increase his bank account.

He is one of the inmates of "The Bullpen," and the Bullpen is famed afar.

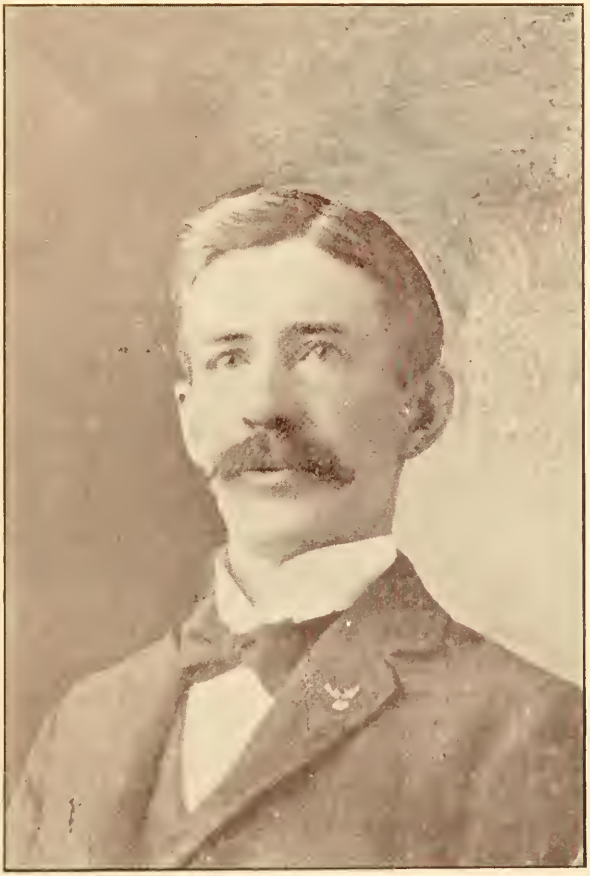
Every one who knows anything about the Bullfrog district knows a little about this jolly bachelor house around which much of the social life of the camps center. With Miles and Clement Millward, and J. L. Cadogan, Dan Murphy completes a quartet of royal hosts who have entertained many a visitor and sent him away praising the hospitality, and in fact everything else, in Rhyolite. Young, generous-hearted, daring, possessed of keen Irish wit and Western broadness, Dan Murphy is a man who needs only to be known to be admired.

DAN MURPHY

## FRANK P. MANNIX

N the microscopic slide of "Who's Who in Nevada" there now rests a new specimen whom we will proceed to examine with something akin to awe. He belongs to that much maligned, sometimes feared, occasionally appreciated, but altogether necessary and useful class known as newspaper men. These individuals, not numerous but generally in evidence, have followed closely in the wake of the pathfinders who blazed the way into the heart of the Western desert.

Frank P. Mannix, editor and founder of the pioneer newspaper, the Bullfrog Miner, is a man who has given of his time and his talents, as few others have done, to make of Southern Nevada something more than a sagebrush waste. He was born in Malone, New York, forty-five years ago. (He does not look it, but the family Bible can not lie.) At the age of eighteen years he was publisher, editor, devil and ex-officio owner of a weekly paper at Degraff, Minn., one of Bishop Ireland's colonies. He served a sentence of six months in Degraff, and then accepted a job of doing nothing on the Diamond Joe passenger steamer running between St. Paul and St. Louis. He could not stay away from the newspaper offices and at the time Garfield was assassinated he was "holding down" the telegraph desk on the Omaha Bee. (This is not intended in any way to establish an alibi.) He established the Victor Record, in the Cripple Creek District, and later was elected clerk and recorder of Teller County, serving two terms. He came to Rhyolite in February, 1905.



FRANK P. MANNIX

## HARRY G. McMAHON

HRILLING experiences on the desert in pursuit of the fickle goddess Fortune have not aged Harry G. McMahon, but they have made him fearless, self-reliant and strongly adherent to a fixed purpose; in all, a typical man from Nevada. His pursuit of this divinity, already mentioned, has not been without a goodly measure of success, and there is none that begrudges him his well-merited achievements.

He is the son of John McMahon, a pioneer of the Comstock Lode, who penetrated South Africa, China, South America, and Mexico in his search for the treasures of the earth. Harry McMahon was born in Santa Rosa, California, not so very many years ago. He wandered through Idaho and Alaska before Nevada claimed him In the days when Rhyolite was not, Mr. McMahon located 150 claims in the southern part of the state, and has been prominently connected with the development of this great storehouse of wealth.

He was interested in bringing about the Mayflower Consolidation of the Mayflower and Starlight properties, and he has been among the foremost in the advancement of many big and profitable concerns. He is also deeply interested in the Croesus, Banner, and Midas properties. But that is not all, for Tecopa, Greenwater, and Wonder claim a considerable amount of his attention.

Harry McMahon is a practical miner who has learned his lessons from the field, and knows a mine when he sees it. He numbers his friends in every section of the country he has visited, and whether in the corridors of the Alexandria in Los Angeles, or deep underground in a mine, he's the same genial, likeable fellow.

# MANHATTAN

# MANHATTAN

AND still she lives—this is the wonder about Manhattan. Not that she is unworthy to live—the fight that she has made for existence proves her worthiness.

Leave a man out on the desert crippled and without food and water, and if that man is ever heard of again it is because he has in him something that cannot be killed.

No camp in Nevada has been through the fire and come out as Manhattan has. Because down in the earth she has the stuff of which mines are made and on the earth she has men with the faith and courage to make mines, she is not only alive but forging to the front with rapid strides. Her men are mining in the ground and not in other people's pockets.

It has been a troubled life which this camp has led perched upon the hillsides in the most beautiful portion of the southern desert.

As long ago as the Comstock days, W. E. Ralston mined in the Ralston desert. He and his associates were looking for high grade lead and silver ores and paying little attention to gold mining. They called the district Manhattan. With the demonetization of silver the workings were abandoned and Manhattan was forgotten.

All that was left was the name.

Early in April, 1905, Jack Humphrey, a cowboy who had many times ridden through the district on his way to Austin or Smokey Valley, and Ed. Seyler discovered gold north of the former district. They located claims and went to Tonopah with their assays. These proved bet-

ter than indications promised and the Manhattan of today is the result.

People went mad over the new discovery. In San Francisco they had laughed at the idea of investing money in Tonopah and when Goldfield was discovered they still turned dubious eyes on Nevada's mining possibilities. With Bullfrog they were too late and most of them by that time imbued with the speculative fever made a grab at anything Manhattan had to offer. Mining men from Nevada would stand on the streets in San Francisco with samples of ore.

"Where did you get it?" was the first question of the pedestrian, and a mad rush to Manhattan followed. Mining was done on paper. The wildcatters reaped a harvest. Property was bought and sold and bought again without ever being seen. In the midst of all this speculation a few reliable mining men secured some splendid properties. The gold was there and that was all that was needed. It is there today. The camp was just beginning to recover from this gambling era when the San Francisco disaster came. San Francisco money ceased coming into Nevada. The San Francisco mine owners had nothing with which to operate. Mines had to be shut down. And yet Manhattan lives.

A few determined men went to work to prove to the world that the stock market is only a very small part of mining. They went to work to make mines. With very small capital they kept some of the best properties going and more and more have been opened with each month. Manhattan has now recovered from a double depression. The camp is so far from a raiload that it was necessary to put up mills and this has taken time. Today there are sixty-five properties in the district showing ore and nearly

400,000 tons of milling ore developed. Three ten stamp mills are in operation and four more will be built within six months. The camp has the largest mineralized zone of milling ore of any in the state so far as is known at present.

Prior to the San Francisco disaster there were more than 6,000 people in camp and it was impossible to get a bed in the town. Men made fortunes in automobiles running between Tonopah and Manhattan and prospective buyers fought for a seat in them.

Now the camp is on the map to stay. She has her Manhattan Consolidated, her Manhattan Bryfogle, Rocklin, Stray Dog, Wolftone, Thanksgiving, Forked Stick, Seyler Humphrey, Chipmunk, Pine Nut, Paymaster, Manhattan Giant, Mustang, Little Gray, Grannie, Manhattan Mining, Manhattan Giant and a large number of other mines.

Though stocks go down, the mines are there and it is safe to say Manhattan will have more real surprises in store for the mineral world some day.

## CADA C. BOAK

UITE by accident have some of the greatest mining properties of the world been found, and many men have tramped many times over ground which later some one man has proved to be a treasure vault for fabulous wealth. "The mine that made Manhattan famous" as the Manhattan Consolidated Mine is called, was discovered in just such a way. In the summer of 1905, when the first rich finds were being made in Manhattan, Cada C. Boak, then operating in Tonopah, sent Howard Burr, a prospector into the new field and Mr. Burr located among other properties in the district the claim which is now the scene of the main workings of The Consolidated.

In the following September Mr. Boak went to Manhattan with Mr. Burr and on that trip, while breaking rock under a tree, Mr. Boak accidently discovered the free gold which designated the great Consolidated ledge. He and his companion at once covered up their find and went to Tonopah to negotiate the purchase of adjoining property. Mr. Boak then formed the Manhattan Consolidated Mines Company and work was begun at once. The mine is one of the best equipped in Southern Nevada and Mr. Boak still retains the controlling interest and is at the helm. He purchased the property and organized the original Manhattan Mines Company, another of the most promising mines of the district, and upon the organization of the Round Mountain Antelope Mining Company was made its president. Mr. Boak and Judge Lewis Rogers of Goldfield claim the distinction of having taken out of the Antelope mines with their own hands, the

CADA C. BOAK

largest and most valuable free gold nugget ever found in Nevada.

On Mr. Boak's recommendation a syndicate composed of himself and associates, purchased the Manhattan Breyfogle Mine, which is attracting attention by its great bodies of ore. He also owns the Rogers Round Mountain Mine, and has interests in every other camp of importance in the state.

Mr. Boak was born and reared on a large stock farm in Hamilton County, Iowa, and comes from staunch old Irish and Puritan English stock. It was while working in one of the eastern cities as an "advertising expert" that he heard of Tonopah. He invested money in small blocks of stock and finally determined to try what this young Eldorado of the west held for him. He landed in Tonopah in the summer of 1904 with $65 of borrowed money in his pocket and went into the brokerage business. He soon branched away from this as his private interests demanded too much of his time. He has offices in Tonopah, but his interests in Manhattan make it necessary for him to spend much of his time there.

## JOHN CARL HUMPHREY

HERE was a day not long past when the cowboy was king of Nevada and many men who are successful in the mining world today have ridden the ranges. To a cowboy belongs the credit of the discovery of Manhattan. John Humphrey, who broke the first pay rock in Manhattan, was born in Austin, Lander County, Nevada, on Christmas day, 1871. His boyhood was spent in this wonderful old silver camp and there it was that he learned to use the rope. For years he had ridden up and down Smokey Valley and many times had loitered in the canyon which is now the site of the famous gold camp, but he was looking for cows then and the possibilities of gold did not bother him. In 1901, when Tonopah was discovered and interest was rife in that section, he and his brother, Charles Humphrey, determined to try their luck at prospecting. He spent much time covering the ground north and west of Tonopah, and made locations in many places, but it was not until April, 1905, that he discovered anything that satisfied him. From the ground which is now the April Fool Mine, he broke rock which appeared to carry values and after locating the War Eagle and the Mustang, he took the ore to Tonopah to have it assayed. The assay report verified his hopes and he at once returned to the ground. In the midst of the black sage and pine and juniper trees, he located a townsite and the Manhattan of today is the result. He was successful from the start in interesting outsiders in his discovery, and the news spread like wildfire all over the country.

JOHN CARL HUMPHREY

## FRANK NAUGHTON

NCE quoted a father to his son in far-away Ireland—"There is mineral for all ages but not for all people"—and with these words he planted in the boy's heart a desire to be one of the few people. Perhaps had these words never been spoken Manhattan might not be as well known to the world as it is today. Frank Naughton was born in Ireland in 1868 and came to America when he was about 20 years of age. He landed on this side of the water without money and was glad to get anything he could do to earn a little. For a while he polished pianos for a living, but in 1892 he decided to give up everything else and try his luck in the gold fields. All his life he had wanted to mine and his first venture was in California.

He went under the ground and learned from mother earth the secrets of her treasure vaults. It was in Alaska that he made his first stake. For five years he mined in Alaska and returned to the states just in time for the beginning of the excitement in Tonopah. It was in December, 1901, that he arrived. He bonded property in Jefferson Canyon and on Morris Creek, but it was not until April, 1905, that he made locations in Manhattan. He located the Big Mogul, on Litigation hill, the Turtle Dove, Big Chief, Kosmopoge, one, two and three, and the Thelmas group. In most of these propetries he still holds large interests and on the Wolf Tone is erecting a mill which should help to make it one of the greatest producers of the district. He is a practical miner considered an authority on mining and a square, big-hearted Nevadan.

FRANK NAUGHTON

## ROSS MEDER

FTER the mines, come the banks, receptacles for the wealth that Mother Earth is pouring out. This is the story of a banker, a young man who went into the business when he was sixteen years old and has made more of a success than falls to the lot of the ordinary man—Ross Meder of Manhattan, cashier of the Nye & Ormsby bank in that thriving town.

No other state can dispute Nevada's claim to Mr. Meder, for he was born in Carson City, and has spent practically his entire life to date in this state. He started in the banking business about the year 1890 in Carson City.

In 1901 Mr. Meder went to Tonopah to accept a position with the State Bank and Trust Company. Now he is cashier of the Nye & Ormsby Bank at Manhattan. Ever since the early days of Tonopah the young banker has also been interested in mining. He has interests in the Manhattan Comstock, Wolftone and Gray Dexter, in Manhattan, and in the Jim Butler Extension at Tonopah.

Never satisfied unless he is progressing, Mr. Meder is recognized as one of the leaders in his line of business in the state, and is always prominent in advancing the interests of Nevada and Manhattan. He has a firm belief in Manhattan as a permanent mining camp and he is one of the good boosters who has done not a little to make the name and fame of Manhattan known far and wide He is a popular, likable young man, everybody is his friend, and he has the confidence and respect of the business interests throughout the state.

ROSS MEDER

## EDWARD L. RAYMOND

EDWARD L. RAYMOND, cashier of the Bank of Manhattan, might have been either a great newspaper proprietor or an attorney, had he followed any hereditary instincts generally supposed to exist. He is the son of Edward E. Raymond, one of New York's most prominent attorneys, and he is the nephew of Henry Raymond, one of the founders of the New York Times. However, the West lured him away from any career the East might have had in store for him. In 1870 Mr. Raymond became vice-president of the State National Bank of Denver. He saw that city grow from a population of 30,000 to 150,000. During the boom days in Leadville he was in that camp and, in fact, has spent the greater part of his life somewhere near the frontier line.

Mr. Raymond's experiences gave him an excellent knowledge of mining and of the growth of business interests in mining towns; consequently, he was glad to accept the management of the Manhattan Bank when it was offered to him by B. L. Smith, whom Mr. Raymond had known in Colorado. This is the only home bank in Manhattan, and it has been popularized by Mr. Raymond. He knows how to meet men and how to talk to them. He understands Nevada business conditions probably as well as does any man in the state, and his business judgment is sane and sound.

Mr. Raymond likes Manhattan, and Manhattan likes Mr. Raymond. He thinks it is a good camp and a good place to live. He has proved this by taking his family there to live in a home that he owns.

EDWARD L. RAYMOND

# ROUND MOUNTAIN

# ROUND MOUNTAIN

NONE of the new bonanza mining camps of Nevada has a more remarkable or unique history than that of Round Mountain. No other camp in Nevada is able to duplicate the following wonderful list of achievements on which it bases its claim of being the biggest-feeling camp on earth.

First.—The mines of Round Mountain have been proven and developed without the aid of any outside capital. From the time the first shovelful of dirt was turned, the gold taken out has been more than sufficient to carry on the work.

Second.—Before the camp was a year old there were two mills at work turning out approximately $30,000.00 worth of gold bullion per month.

Third.—The first extensive placer fields of Nevada were discovered on and around Round Mountain. The discoverer took out $40,000.00 worth of gold in six weeks. The dry-wash, hydraulic and sluicing methods of extracting the ore are all successfully used.

Fourth.—Properties giving promise of developing into the greatest of the world's tungsten mines have been discovered in the district. This alone, without an ounce of gold, will make Round Mountain famous the world over.

All of this, be it observed, before the camp had celebrated its first birthday. It is the purpose of this article to briefly relate what this young giant has done since its first anniversary, and the tremendous projects which it proposes to undertake, many of which are already under way.

Gold was first discovered here on March 2nd, 1906, by

two prospectors, "Slim" Morgan and L. R. Scott, on the Sunnyside claims.

Today the town of Round Mountain stands alone as "the town that had no boom." It has a school, a public library, a bank, a hotel, a mining stock exchange and the usual complement of mercantile houses, stores and brokerage and business offices. The Round Mountain Nugget, a weekly ten-page newspaper, has a plant second to none in the state, which is owned by Henry J. Bartlett, the editor.

In point of development three mines stand pre-eminent at this writing. They are the Sunnyside, Fairview and the Sphinx, each having two thousand or more linear feet to its credit. All three of them are gold-producers, the first two mentioned having their own mills now in operation, while the Sphinx has a Huntington in course of construction. These two mills are crushing out $80,000 monthly, and it is but a matter of a short time before it will be necessary to increase their daily output in order to keep pace with the constantly increasing ore tonnage which these mines are yielding.

Other properties in the district which are actively engaged in "mine making" are the Homestake, Antelope, Mohawk, Blue Jacket, Cahill, Round Mountain Annex, Great Western, Comstock, Daisy, Combination, Red Top, Royal Hawaiian, Spink Extension and Nevada Gold Trail.

From both the Daisy and the Antelope properties have come some of the most beautiful specimens of flower and wire gold that have ever been exhibited. Leases have been let on both of these company's holdings and the leasers bid fair to become rich men long before the expiration of their contracts. Several have already made their stake and in passing it is fair to state that the opportunities for

leasers were never better than they are at Round Mountain. A large area combined with rich free milling ore, make the conditions ideal for men who are seeking leasing propositions.

But it is not only in hard rock mining that this camp has made and is making its wonderful record. As stated in the beginning of this sketch, Round Mountain has placed before the mining world the placer possibilities of Nevada in a serious light. It is probably safe to say that up to the time the Round Mountain placer grounds were discovered, not one prospector in ten gave placer fields in Nevada a thought. Nowadays every intervening foot of space over which the prospector travels is fraught with golden possibilities, and instead of the long, wearisome and uninteresting hikes from range to range, every dry channel, basin or flat may "look good" enough for a halt and a try-out at panning.

Thomas Wilson was the discoverer of the Round Mountain placer fields, and from the small dry-wash machine worked by two men, has been evolved the tremendous surface mining undertakings of the Round Mountain Hydraulic Mining Company. In a desert country the lack of water seemed a well-nigh insurmountable obstacle to hope for the installation of hydraulic and sluicing methods, but by means of great pipes, conduits have been laid which carry the water from a distance of seven miles.

It is this copious water supply, and the proximity of well-timbered hills which have supplied the fuel enabling Round Mountain to make the great strides that it has.

Of an area of over thirty square miles which comprise this district, less than two square miles have been systematically and thoroughly prospected for placer ground.

About a mile and a half to the northeast of the camp

lies the famous Round Mountain Monster Gold Mining Company, on whose property the original first discovery of tungsten was made during February of 1907. It was while prospecting for gold that the general manager of the company, J. C. Popper, found the quartz stringers which carried this valuable mineral. The ground has since developed larger surface showings of that metal than are at present known to exist anywhere in America.

Tungsten is not a newly discovered metal, but the discovery of a myriad uses for it have increased its value and made it as much sought for as gold. Based on assay returns, the tungstic acid of the Round Mountain district give higher values than are obtained from any of the mines of Australia, England, Germany or the United States.

Besides its story of gold and tungsten, Round Mountain has its tale of silver, and no conception of fiction is woven about with more romance.

In the midst of the solitary grandeur of Jefferson canyon, practically alone, Charles Harrison and Charles Kanrohat have lived since the early seventies without the exchange of a friendly word of greeting. As young men they came into Nevada during the excitement of the silver days, and each of them staked off a group of claims on opposite sides of Jefferson Canyon, and set to work to open them up. Both of them had good properties, and they prospered. Thousands of dollars were taken out of the ground until the decline in silver occurred, and then it was found that with the antiquated methods of mining existing in those days it was no longer profitable to mine for silver. Then it was that these two men were left alone. Of all the teeming camp that had grown up in the canyon only those two men had faith in the future,

and the hope of an ultimate awakening and they stayed on.

It was at this time that a slight misunderstanding estranged the two men, and in the years of their loneliness the bitterness grew so that even in this new era of gold and cheap mining methods, when once again they have come into their own and each has sold his mine, the mines which each had worked alone and unaided through the long years between the silver days and the discovery of Round Mountain, when each has come into a competence which will permit of his living in affluence the remainder of his days, the bitterness still rankles, even though the cause of the bitterness may have become forgotten through the lapse of years. The burning desert sears deep.

The old Charles mine which was the property of Harrison, was purchased by a syndicate of men who formed the Round Mountain Allegany Mining Company.

On the Kanrohat property sixty thousand dollars worth of work has been done, consisting of a mile of tunnels and shafts. A million tons of ore are in sight. This ore is principally of free milling character, about two-thirds silver and one-third gold.

Their dream of the rejuvenation of the old Jefferson district has at last been realized. The renaissance of this canyon after its Rip Van Winklian slumber of more than a quarter of a century is but one instance of where famous old silver mines have received their quickening in the adoption of modern methods of handling and milling ore.

That the Round Mountain district has a great future is conceded by all who have studied its possibilities, and the camp has not as yet attained to the dignity of having discarded its swaddling clothes.

## JOHN F. STEBBINS

ATTLEMAN, sheepman, ranchman, miner, if ever there was a typical son of Nevada, he must be John F. Stebbins of Round Mountain. His is the story of years of hard work on the desert which at last has brought him wealth. His childhood and early youth were spent in Austin, where he was born in 1868. Jefferson Canyon, a dead mining camp that had been worked in the early seventies, attracted his attention, and with F. W. Dixon he went into the cattle business there seventeen years ago. For sixteen years he lived within four miles of the present camp of Round Mountain and tramped and rode all over that section without dreaming of the wealth that lay below.

In 1891 Mr. Stebbins located placer claims in Jefferson Canyon. In 1901 he discovered the Golden Hope mine in the canyon and discovered Round Mountain by finding gold on the Saddleback claim, now known as Round Mountain Extension. The following year he and Mr. Dixon ran a tunnel 100 feet on Mariposa, and December 1 bonded the claims to Louis D. Gordon, who worked them for an eastern company. On February 20, 1905, Stebbins and Dixon located the Sunnyside claims for Gordon, and on March 3 free gold was discovered on these claims by E. R. Scott and Luther Morgan. On March 16 Stebbins and Dixon sold the claims to Loftus & Davis, who now own the famous mine. Mrs. Stebbins herself, in 1905 located the Antelope Claim, which she sold to C. C. Boak. Stebbins and his partner owned nearly

all the water rights in the district, which they recently sold to the Round Mountain Daisy Mining Company.

Mr. Stebbins married Lena M. Rogers, a true Nevada girl, and Mr. Dixon married a sister of Mr. Stebbins. Both men were cowboys in the early days and know Nevada as do few others. Their partnership is based on absolute faith in each other. They have worked together for years, have never had any written agreement, not even the scratch of a pen, and not once in all the years has a disagreement occurred to mar their happy relations.

When you write the story of one partner you write the story of the other, for closer than brothers have they been. In Jefferson canyon they have lived for so many years with almost no companions but the members of their two families and without any amusement except that which they could manufacture for themselves.

Mrs. Stebbins knows enough about mining to make the average city-bred woman open her eyes in wonder, and from her own locations she has made a large sum of money. Since fortune has come to the two families they are the same simple folk as before, content to live a happy, wholesome life.

## HENRY J. BARTLETT

EVADA has no more loyal son than Henry J. Bartlett, and Round Mountain owes more to the personal efforts of this one man than to any other influence which has gone to make this district known to and appreciated by the outside world. Less than one month after the discovery of gold in the Round Mountain District, Henry Bartlett founded, and housed, the plant of the Round Mountain Nugget, a virile and up-to-date eight-page weekly newspaper. His confidence in the coming greatness of the district may be inferred from the fact that $10,000 was put into the venture when less than a dozen tent houses and not over fifty persons, comprised the sum total of the community.

The story of Round Mountain is the story of Mr. Bartlett. They have grown and prospered hand in hand, and with "The Nugget" Bartlett has shown the way. His mind it was which conceived the Round Mountain Hydraulic Mining Company, and his energy which brought to fruition the possibility of this gigantic scheme of placer mining with water. To his indefatigable effort is due the fact that the Daisy Mining Company came into possession of all of the valuable water rights of the district, which in turn is supplying the city and surrounding mines.

There are but few propositions in the district in which if he is not an officer, director, or the promoter, he is a share-holder.

He has the distinction of being the first newspaperman in the State to travel about in his own automobile, which is christened the "Nugget Flyer," and Bartlett and his "Flyer" are known in all of the great Nevada camps.

HENRY J. BARTLETT

## CHESTER O. OLIVE

THERE is a man in Round Mountain who has more than a passing regard for "hunches" and perhaps it is with good reason. Just before the earthquake in San Francisco, Chester O. Olive, who had business interests there at that time, got a "hunch" that he wanted to go away. He did not know just why, but he finally determined that it must be the gold fever and three days before the terrible catastrophe, which left the city a mass of blackened ruins, he sold everything he had and started for the gold fields of Nevada. That was just at the beginning of things in Round Mountain and there he determined to pitch his tent. He did not know much about mining, but he knew a little about the needs of a miner and started a small store. A few months later he became postmaster and it was not very long before he started the Round Mountain Banking corporation.

At present there is not very much in Round Mountain which this young man is not. Ask for the postmaster and some one will point to Mr. Olive; ask for the banker and it is Mr. Olive you will be shown; ask for the secretary and treasurer of the Round Mountain Hydraulic Company and again Mr. Olive is indicated.

All his "hunches" seem to have been good ones. He was one of the purchasers of the famous Charles Mine in Jefferson Canyon, which was shut down as a result of "the crime of '73." With the changed conditions of today the present owners expect to make a great thing of the mine. Though a young man, Mr. Olive is one of the most substantial citizens of the camp.

CHESTER O. OLIVE

## THOMAS WILSON

HOMAS WILSON, discoverer of the rich placer diggings at Round Mountain, has made a fortune by the dry washing process. Hence his Nevada sobriquet, "Dry Wash" Wilson. To him is due the credit for launching one of the greatest industries in that part of the state, for on October 10 of this year water was turned into the pipes of the Round Mountain Hydraulic Mining Company, and the work of taking out the riches was begun on a large scale. As the discoverer of the rich diggings Mr. Wilson in three months took out $50,000 and convinced his associates that a great hydraulic plant only was needed to make the workings a producer of millions.

Mr. Wilson made his discovery while prospecting in the Round Mountain District in the spring of 1906. Early in the summer he installed two small hand dry washing machines. This was on the property of the Round Mountain Mining Company and Round Mountain Combination Mining Company, where he secured leases, also making a number of valuable locations adjoining these properties. With Henry Bartlett, Captain Thatcher and Loftus & Davis as associates he promoted the Round Mountain Hydraulic Mining Company, whose plant now is in operation and which, it is expected, will yield $5,000,000 within a brief period of time.

THOMAS WILSON

# OLD NEVADA

# OLD NEVADA

GENERATION passes away and another comes; the customs, the hopes, the joys and even the sorrows of an age die, and new ambitions, new customs, new hopes, new joys and inevitably new sorrows, replace them.

Northern Nevada is waving a last farewell to one generation and extending a welcoming hand to another. The discovery of the goldfields of the southern part of the State has brought new life, new impetus and a vast land of opportunities.

Ten years ago, if a prophet had chanced to visit the fireplace of some stock-raiser or rancher far out of the beaten path of civilization and had predicted that within a very few moons men would bring from barren lands riches enough to bestow power and plenty to every man in Nevada, the stock-raiser or rancher would have laughed, and would have gone quietly on tending his cows or following his plough.

When the men of the north said farewell to the Comstock days they thought they were through with mining in Nevada for all time and settled down to make the apparently fruitless soil bring forth their support. They are grand old men; they have fought a grand fight, year in and year out, with little hope of great riches ahead, their only ambition to glean what they could from the soil. They did not suspect that new men would come into the State, open new treasure stores and bring wealth to those who had seen her through her worst days.

With Jim Butler's discovery of Tonopah—somehow everything seems to date from that discovery—the stock-

raiser of the north was forced to open wide his eyes, and he has kept them open ever since. So great has been the effect produced by the wealth dug from the southern mines in the last few years that every city, every town, every sheep-camp and every ranch has been benefited thereby. The man who passed through the speculative days of the Comstock and thought the germ of speculation dead in him forever, found it awake and quicken every pulse when the new bonanza stock market came into being. He invested his money—the little he had saved from his years of toil—and like most of those who came in on the crest of the new excitement he reaped a rich harvest.

Reno a few years ago little more than a railroad center where travelers stopped over night or for a meal between trains, is now a city—a real, live city, that has become headquarters for a host of men operating in every section of the country. The wealth of the southern part of the State has built for Reno handsome business blocks, beautiful homes, and various gigantic enterprises which go to make of a town a city. There is no more ideal place in the State than this same bustling little city built on the banks of the beautiful Truckee River.

And the favors have not all been one-sided. The northern part of the State has given to the south her sons, the best of her young blood, imbued with the mining germ bequeathed to them by their fathers and lying dormant within them until the spark of this new gold set it aflame. Sons of old Nevada have done much to develop the resources of the new land of promise and fulfillment. They have helped to make her mines; they have helped to build her railroads; they have helped to organize her banking institutions; they have sent to her doctors,

lawyers, brokers, merchants and men of every line of achievement.

There are those in old Nevada who are prone to cast glances of scorn on the young men of the south; to call them "mushrooms" and "Johnny Come Latelys" and other such names, but these men are few. Most of the old men of the north are just and generous. They realize that if southern Nevada owes a debt to northern Nevada, northern Nevada likewise owes her new era, her renaissance, to the southern treasure vaults. Some of the men of the south are "mushrooms" and "Johnny Come Latelys," but they are none the less true Nevadans. They are no less men of power, men of courage, men of energy, men willing to fight for Nevada and willing to love her for all time. Though they are adopted sons, they are loyal sons. They take off their hats to the men who have seen the State through her days of poverty and hardship, and all thy ask in return is a little recognition for the new life they are bringing her.

The Comstock was great. The mention of her name even today thrills every hearer who knows of her glorious history. But the Comstock was not all of Nevada, and even those who are living in the past awaken from their lethargy to listen to the tales of new wealth. Many of the names that are connected with Nevada's history have been erased from the earthly roster, and rapidly the last of the white-bearded monarchs are going to answer to the roll-call in a distant land. This is the "between" stage in the northern part of the State. One generation is passing away, another is coming.

When this new mining era is passed—it may be years, it may be centuries—the stockmen of the north will still be driving their herds from one range to another; the

rancher will still be wrestling with the soil as he has wrestled since the days of the first early settlers. The day will come, and all indications would advise that it is not far distant, when the now barren lands will all be under the command of man, and at his behest bring forth all that man needs.

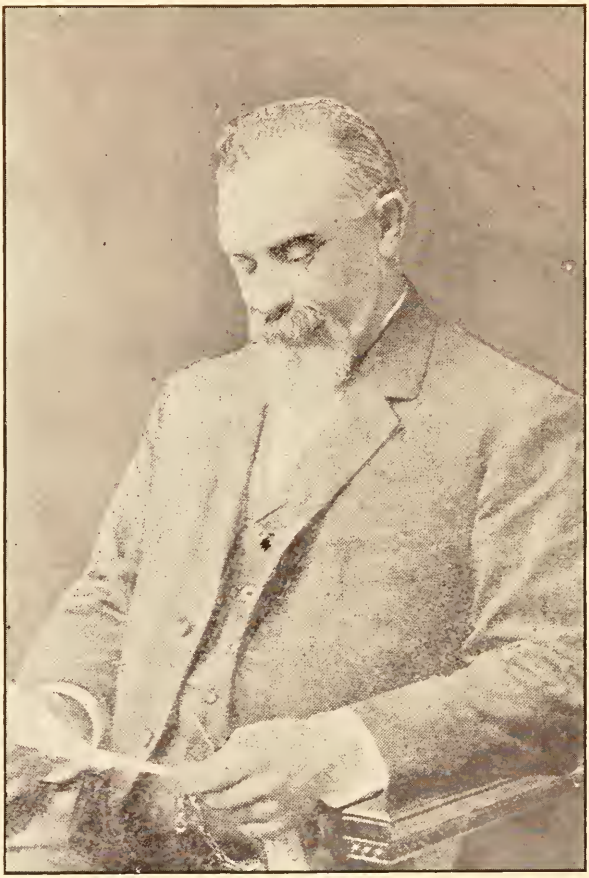
As mining is the salvation of Nevada now, so will agriculture be in some distant day ,and the word "water" will tell the story of the great transition.

And as one generation passes away and another comes to take its place, there is honor and praise to the men of the north, to the sturdy pioneers who first made Nevada, and to themselves and their sons who stand ready to succor the State in the every hour of her need.

## COL. T. B. RICKEY

OLONEL T. B. RICKEY has so many interests in the State of Nevada that one frequently wonders what would ever have become of this sagebrush land had the Colonel not happened along. Without doubt, Colonel Rickey has done more than has any other one man to develop the state. He is one of that class of men who does things, a man intended for great accomplishments, who hates failure and who honors the man or woman who succeeds.

Born in Ohio, August 23, 1836, he crossed the plains to California in 1852, a boy sixteen years of age. He began mining in Amador County, but soon turned his attention to stock raising and took a drove of cattle into Antelope Valley, Douglas County, Nev., driving them over the hills from California. He did not have any capital, and the only assets on which to build a fortune were his own youth, energy and ambitions. He prospered in the cattle business, and when the miners were taking gold from the Comstock he was supplying the beef for the camp. Colonel Rickey's youthful ambitions were more than realized. He is known as the cattle king of Nevada; has 42,000 acres of land in Antelope, a ranch in Alpine County, Cal., and recently sold to Los Angeles the largest of the water rights in Owens River Valley. He has devoted much time to the study of irrigation and owns extensive water rights. Much arid land has been reclaimed by him. Colonel Rickey is president of the State Bank and Trust Company of Nevada, the Goldfield Consolidated Water Company, the Homer Wilson Trust Company, which includes the old Sullivan Trust Company



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and other large interests throughout the state. He has founded a chain of banks through the state and has erected the largest building in Southern Nevada, an immense five-story brick block on the main street of Tonopah, which is the home of the State Bank and Trust Company. He has extensive mining interests in many districts, and is an owner of the Nevada-California Power Company. Colonel Rickey has a handsome residence in Carson City, where also is located the home bank of the State Bank and Trust Company. His interests keep him traveling most of the time. As his accomplishments prove, the Colonel is a man of wonderful executive ability, untiring energy and keen foresight. He can see into the future and has the faculty of recognizing an opportunity and seizing it. Colonel Rickey is a staunch Republican in politics, and although he has been many times offered the nomination for governor he steadfastly declines to accept any office.

His success has come from his own efforts entirely. He is widely known throughout the western country and in the east as well.

He is in Carson today, Tonopah tomorrow, Goldfield the next day, and perhaps speeding east to New York or west to San Francisco the day after. His big automobile can be seen trailing over the desert at all hours, and its owner seems never too tired to work just a little bit more. A man with less energy than Colonel Rickey would have long ago retired from active business life. Not so with Colonel Rickey. He is as active today as in the early days of his career, and he has no intention of soon going out of harness.

## SAMUEL PLATT

IN Nevada people have to go ahead to keep from being run over, according to Samuel Platt, United States attorney for that district, and Mr. Platt follows the go-ahead doctrine if there is any man in the state that does. A large majority of the young men who have been born in Carson or other nearby cities, have grown up and gone away to seek their fortunes in other fields. A few have stayed and have been successful in a remarkable degree. Striking among those successes is Sam Platt. It was on Nov. 17, 1874, that Joseph Platt, one of the pioneer merchants of Carson City, became the father of a son whom he was to see within a few years occupying a position such as few men of his age in America could hold. Sam Platt's boyhood was spent in Carson City and he was graduated from Stanford University with the class of '96. The following year he completed his course in law at Columbia University. He was admitted to the bar at the age of 21 and entered politics soon after his return to Nevada. He was on the minority side and his fight has been uphill since the beginning.

As the republican candidate for district attorney of Ormsby County he was defeated, but at the next election was placed in the legislature and received the republican complimentary vote for speaker. The democrats were in the majority and the speaker was chosen by them. Mr. Platt was nominated for attorney general on the republican ticket, but was defeated by Jim Sweeney, now associate justice of the supreme court. The lives of these two young men have been strangely interwoven. They were

boys together in Carson City and have been fast friends through all their political battles. Both were in the legislature representing opposing parties and during their campaign for the attorney generalship they went around the state throwing compliments at each other.

After his defeat for the office of attorney general, Mr. Platt was again elected to the legislature and this time he was made its speaker. In January, 1906, he was appointed by President Roosevelt United States attorney for the district of Nevada.

During these years he also served as assistant secretary of state and United States referee in bankruptcy, but his private practice increased so much that it was necessary for him to give up these duties.

Mr. Platt made the speech which started George S. Nixon's boom for the United States Senate and he also made the speech nominating James A. Yerrington for congress on the republican ticket in 1905, after first declining the nomination himself. He has stumped the state several times in the interest of the republican party and is known as a fighter for the ideals in which he believes.

In the legal world he has gained a name as well as in the realm of politics. In his private practice he represents some of the most prominent men and the largest corporations of the state.

A man of remarkable versatility is this young lawyer-politician for he adds to his other accomplishments a knowledge of music and love of it which has resulted in bringing much pleasure to his associates. He is a bachelor and has had little time for cupid's game, but is popular with men and women alike, wherever he goes.

## OSCAR J. SMITH

FROM cowboy to bank president and one of the foremost men in the state is the record of Oscar J. Smith, a record that he modestly says is nothing. There is in Nevada probably no man who knows more of mining, stock raising and banking conditions than Mr. Smith. He has had an interesting career. Rhode Island is his native state, and it welcomed him in 1859. He went to school in Massachusetts, and in some manner he contracted the "western fever." He arrived in Colorado in 1880, and for the next three years worked as miner and as a cowboy on the big ranges. Then he began a remarkable rise. Mr. Smith became connected with a smelter in 1884 and in six years he worked up from the position of roustabout through the lead and silver refineries to a position as assayer, and later became a traveling ore buyer. In 1890 he engaged in the business of buying and selling ores for himself on the west coast of Mexico, at Mazatlan and later at other places.

Mr. Smith went to Reno in 1896, and not contented with his achievements to date, was admitted to the bar, was elected president of the Eureka County Bank in 1898, and a year later became identified with Mr. Griffin and his brother, Bert L. Smith, in the Eureka Live Stock Company. From 1905 Mr. Smith has devoted considerable of his attention to banking, having been chosen president of the First National Bank of Elko in 1905, and in the same year president of the Southern Nevada Banking Company, now the First National Bank of Rhyolite. In 1906 he was elected vice-president of the Bank of Manhattan.

OSCAR J. SMITH

All Mr. Smith's time is not devoted to personal interests. He is a prominent Republican and was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia in 1900. In 1904 he was elected long-term regent of the University of Nevada, and this office he still holds. He was the Republican choice for Congress in the last election.

Mr. Smith is a big, handsome man, a natural leader of men, but at the same time gentle mannered and courteous, as is always the true Westerner.

With the personality of the true Western man, and the determination to make good in everything he attempts, it is little wonder that success has beamed upon him so graciously. His wife is a beautiful and charming woman, and their home in Reno is the scene of much delightful entertaining. Whether it is the banker, the lawyer, the stockman, the politician or the host whom one appeals to in Mr. Smith, the man is always the same.

## W. R. RIDGE

R. RIDGE, "Roy" Ridge, mining operator, heavily interested where prospects are the brightest, almost went to Alaska instead of to Nevada, but circumstances interfered. For this he is probably glad, and Nevada is not at all sorry. He is the type of a man that is willing to take a chance and match his wits and judgment against the desert. He was born in Kansas in 1876, and just twenty years later he came west, intending to go on to the Klondyke. But he failed to get any farther than California, where he soon found work in Former Governor Markham's mines in Hedges, as millman. He also obtained some valuable experience in the mines of Sierra County and later in Senator Kearn's famous Silver King Mine.

Now comes a story of ups and downs in Nevada: Mr. Ridge went to Tonopah and worked as foreman in the Montana-Tonopah Mine, then entered the brokerage business in Tonopah. He was one of the first dozen or so men to get in ahead of the rush to Goldfield, going there to prospect. He helped measure the Jumbo and Florence claims and a year later secured a lease on the Jumbo with Uri Curtis, which made history for the camp under the name of the Ridge-Curtis Lease. They took out $300,000 in ninety days. Mr. Ridge located thirty claims in the heart of Goldfield in 1903, but sustained an accident to his finger. Blood poisoning developed and he was forced to go out of the desert for medical treatment. Had he been able to stay with his claims they would have brought him a fortune.

Upon first reports of a find at Fairview in February,

W. R. RIDGE

1906, Mr. Ridge and P. H. McLaughlin, with whom he was associated, decided to see what the new field offered. The two were playing pool in the Montezuma Club at the time. "I'll match you," said one, "to see which goes to look over the prospect." They matched, and the lot fell to Mr. Ridge. He went, and the first day in Fairview he selected the ground which he purchased two weeks later from Joe Davis, a Tonopah prospector. It is known as the Dromedary Hump Mine, named from the shape of the hills. It took Mr. Ridge two weeks to find the owner of the property, but it is now one of the most promising in the district.

Mr. Ridge's home and office are in Reno, but his interests are many throughout the state. He was the leading factor in building the telephone and telegraph line into Fairview, which connected that camp with the outside world.

Picture a man who has accomplished all this and you have a likeness of Mr. Ridge: manly, straightforward, a representative of the young mining men who are "making" Nevada.

Had he been a different stamp of man—one less energetic and more inclined to rely on the efforts of others, Mr. Ridge might be back in Kansas City today instead of occupying the prominent place in Nevada history which is now his. A member of a family well provided with this world's wealth, he might have been content to idle away his time and spend the money which others have made, but he was not. He wanted the pride and joy of feeling that if success and fortune came to him it should not be of the ready-made kind, but of his own fashioning and built upon hard work. When he arrived in Nevada he brought little more than the average prospector, but he will have much more to take away.

## J. BURRO

HEN the history of Nevada is made and written; when the honor roll of the heroes of the pick and pan is called, there is one name that must not be missing—that of J. Burro. Always in the forefront, never faltering under heavy loads of responsibility, this maker of Nevada upon whom the searchlight is here turned for the first time, stands unabashed, though modest, with those to whom this great mining country owes its discovery and development.

Born of humble though honest parents—Mr. and Mrs. J. Burro—the subject of this sketch claims Any County, Nevada, as his home. Early in life he began to display those qualities which later were to bring him prominently before the public. He had few educational opportunities except those offered in his own home under the tutorship of his mother. But he was quick to learn, and inheriting sturdy characteristics from his parents, who were pioneers, he soon entered actively into prospecting and freighting business. His strength and endurance were such that almost invariably he bore all the burdens while his partners walked lightly by his side.

Mr. Burro has been instrumental in discovering and locating some of the best properties in the State. He penetrates the remote districts bringing back samples for assaying and reports of wealth that startle the world.

While not particularly handsome, Mr. Burro has an honest, genial, expression that inspires confidence. He is deeply interested in the State's development, and his voice is raised frequently proclaiming the riches of Nevada.

J. BURRO

# WHO'S WHO

## Chemist and Assayer

Certificate of Assay of Mr. Nevada Man

| SAMPLE | ORE | POUNDS | OZ. | VALUE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 175 lbs of pay dirt | Manliness - | 36 | 8 | $150,000 |
| | Honesty - - | 34 | 6 | 375,000 |
| | Optimism - | 12 | 12 | 45,250 |
| | Loyalty - - | 22 | 10 | 33,700 |
| | Patience - | 9 | 9 | 1,050 |
| | Boost - - - | 26 | 1 | 93,500 |
| | Knock - - - | ——— | ——— | ——— |
| | Luck - - - | 13 | 2 | 17,300 |
| | $C_2 H_6 O$ - - | ——— | 1 | ——— |
| | Good Fellowship - - | 9 | 11 | 19,200 |
| | Pure Gold - | 10 | 4 | 26,000 |
| Totals | Nevada Man | 175 Lbs. | | $761,000 |

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